ANNISQUAM REMINISCHENCES

CHARLOTTE A. LANE

1833 - 1925

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Reminiscences of Annisquam

Charlotte A. Lane

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In Memory of
Miss Lane

Address of
Rev. Bertram D. Boivin

We gather hereto-day with a sense of common possession of something very rare and very beautiful in the memories, which are very sweet and very precious, of a personality which has so stamped itself upon our minds and hearts as never to be forgotten and ever to bind us together as a family and a community and a friendly circle as only a common treasure can.

The element of time, which is finite, disappears and the memories of those expressions of the radiant spirit of our dear one come flooding in to make us realize how greatly we have been blessed and how truly we have touched upon the real and eternal through her living.

We have been given the common privilege of finding in a personality something so akin to the things we love in nature- the rose flush of the dawn, the dew-pearled grass studded with golden blossoms, the tang of the sea wind, the lilt of the bird song, the cheer of the sunshine, and the cool shade of the protecting elms-that we are constantly reminded by the one of the other, because in each we have recognized the heart of goodness and beauty-the spirit of the eternal.

Somehow, in human form we found the same vitality that in nature persists in impressing itself upon our senses as constantly eminating from the hidden sources of light and warmth and beauty. We have felt that it was natural for her to possess abundantly the power to overcome the obstacles to cheerfulness and peace and to convert every hindrance into a stepping-stone toward heaven as for the sun to burn away the fog and the flower to

bloom under countless adversities.

We could always depend upon those qualities we love in human nature to meet every test and every demand put upon them, and, hence, we all claimed her as our friend and enjoyed the common privilege of calling her "Aunt Tot", in the calling of which we felt ourselves peculiarly favored and sought to express the reverence and appreciation we had for the ideal she so perfectly typified. It has meant more to all of us than that blood-relationship which is so designated. The words "Aunt Tot" have always been fraught with as distinctive a meaning for each one of us as the names given flowers which convey all the peculiar contures, colorings and beautiful qualities they each possess. She was "Aunt Tot" to us all because she was the embodiment of those rare qualities that comfort and cheer and delight as only those expressed in such relationship can.

Her's was the understanding, deeply sympathetic heart which invited our confidence. Her's was the cheerful, hopeful point of view which we needed for encouragement and comfort. Her's was the firm hold upon a faith sufficient in all the stress and strain of life. And her's was the tenderness and friendship which we needed most.

She had, somehow, found the secret of getting very near to the heart of the Creator and there found that which gave confidence and hope and comfort in all experience.

She had the rare ability for treasuring up all the scenes and incidents, the

interesting, pleasant and beautiful things which both impressed us with the richness of the past, which she had the power to make live again, and to make us to feel that the present, however difficult, was greatly worth while.

Her power to give comfort brought countless care-worn travellers to her door. Many have sought, from the heat and turmoil of the city, refreshment and surcease in the atmosphere of her courageous, cheerful, serene soul.

Children knew that she understood their hearts and anticipated their desires, and they were never disappointed.

Her vital hold upon life made her keenly interested in the day's events, its duties, its relationships, and so we think of her as the ever busy, bouyant, hopeful lover of the divine gifts of nature and friendship, of the countless opportunities to express love, to serve others and to find the beautiful and the eternal. We can well believe that so vital a grasp upon the world's essential beauty kept her heart beating far beyond the time when nature entered its natural claim upon her frail temple.

Because she had her tragedies and trials and sorrows, we have been all the more impressed by that spirit which has put its indelible stamp upon our family and community life and has blessed us in countless ways. We can never think of this community without thinking of her who, somehow, has been at the heart of it in her warm interest in us all, her loyalty, her understanding of the best in our individual and

our common life, and her faith in the Supreme Goodness at the heart of things which promises salvation for all our souls in His good time.

We come to-day, each with our precious memories clustered about her name, in deep gratitude for her long life, and in deep reverence for her vivid personality and beautiful spirit which have enriched our own. We come with this sense of a common possession, which death cannot take from us but which only adds to our appreciation of it, with the prayer in our hearts that all our living and relationships may more fully reflect the spirit which shone so radiantly through her beautiful personality.

We are thankful in that measure in which we have been given the opportunity and ability to give expression of our love and appreciation of all she was.

We are uplifted by the thought of her going on to the fulfillment of all that her full, busy, sweet, courageous, hopeful life has so richly promised.

We shall treasure her memory among all the beautiful things of life which bespeak the Father's love and of the things which are eternal.

Poem read by
Rev. George H. Lewis

OUR HOMEMAKER

When the mountains slope to the westward
And their purple chalices hold
The new made wine of the sunset--
Crimson, amber and gold--

In this old wide-opened doorway
With the elm-boughs overhead-
The house all garnished behind her
And the plentiful table spread--

She had stood to welcome our coming
Watching our upward climb
In the sweet June weather that brought us
Oh! many and many a time!

Today in the gentle splendor
Of the early summer noon
Perfect in sunshine and fragrance
Although it is hardly June

Again is the doorway opened
And the house is garnished and sweet
But she silently waits for our coming
And we enter with silent feet.

A little within she is waiting
Not where she has met us before
For over the pleasant threshold
She has only to cross once more.

The smile on her face is quiet
And a lily is on her breast
Her hands are folded together
And the word on her lips is "Rest".

And yet it looks like a welcome
For her work is compassed and done
All things are seemly ready
And her summer is just begun.

It is we who may not cross over
Only with song and prayer
A little way into the glory
We may reach as we leave her there

But we cannot think of her idle
She must be a homemaker still
God giveth that work to the angels
Who fittest the task fulfill

And somewhere yet in the hilltops
Of the country that hath no pain
She will watch in her beautiful doorway
To bid us a welcome again.

A. D. T. Whitney

DEATH CLAIMS OLD "SQUAM RESIDENT

Miss Charlotte A. Lane, One of Cape Ann's Oldest Citizens Passed Away Yesterday in her 92d Year.

News was received yesterday of the death of Miss Charlotte A. Lane of Annisquam, one of the Cape's oldest residents who passed away at Wellesley Hills.

Miss Lane, known to every one in the village of Annisquam for many years as "Aunt Tot" belonged to an old Annisquam family, her father, Capt. Oliver G. Lane of Annisquam, and her mother Charlotte Phippin of Salem. She was born in the house on Arlington Street, where she has spent all her life, on February 20, 1833. She was one of seven children, and the last one of her family.

The deceased received her finishing education at Lunenberg Academy after which she returned to her home in Annisquam, She had one beautiful romance in her early young womanhood, and although her loved one passed away before the wedding day arrived, Aunt Tot bore her loss with fortitude, and became one of the happiest, most loving, kind of friend one could ever have.

For a short while, many years ago, she kept a little shop where the small cottage stands by the gate entrance to her home, but later open and successfully conducted the most popular summer boarding house in Annisquam. Her niece, Miss Helen Lane, who passed on two years ago, and to whom Miss Lane had been as a mother all

her life, was her constant companion. Together they entertained many prominent people, including artists, authors, statesmen as well as those high in the society world of many cities. This interesting establishment of Miss Lane kept for about 50 years, and it is safe to say that she never forgot a guest, and always had a cordial hand shake and smile for each.

In village life Miss Lane held a place all her own. She was a life long, active member of the Sewing Circle, properly known as the Annisquam Female Benevolent Society, and the oldest society of its kind in New England. She gave freely of her money, of her time and of her hospitality to every worthy object in village life. Many many times has opened her splendid old home on Arlington street, and entertained her neighbors and friends for various occasions, social or otherwise.

She was a most interesting writer and several of her papers are among the choice possessions of the Annisquam Library.

During these recent years she has made her home with her niece, Mrs. Carlos Moore at Wellesley Hills, returning each season as early as the weather permitted, when for several weeks she was the guest of her nephew and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cunningham, later opening her own home for the summer months.

This past summer, although she began to feel the weight of her many busy years, she was active and happy, even attending and enjoying her usual place at the Sewing Circle table on the day of the summer sale, greeting all her old friends so cordially, and

rejoicing in her beautiful way with each new success.

Women like Miss Charlotte A. Lane are few. She was a joy and pleasure to her old friends, for even to her very last illness her mind was clear and true, and many pleasant evenings she spent recalling the old days she so loved to remember. And to her newer and younger friends she was no less dear, for the heart of her always remained young, and her sympathy and advice came as freely as her lovely smile.

In September, before she returned to Wellesley for the winter, she took the keenest pleasure in entertaining all the members of the Sewing Circle and Sewing Bee and greeting each one personally, moving from group to group, making merry jests and assuring us that her 91 years had only filled her heart full of love for her fellow men.

Her last years with Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Moore have been most happy, sheltered by the loving care and surrounded by the kindly thoughts of those who loved her.

Miss Lane is survived by two nephews, Fred Cunningham of Annisquam, and by one niece, Mrs. Annie, wife of Carlos Moore of Wellesley Hills and Annisquam. Arthur Lane who resides on River road, is a cousin.

The funeral services will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cunningham on River road, Saturday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock.

The Gloucester Daily Times.

Funeral Miss Charlotte A. Lane

A beautifully impressive and long-to-be remembered service was held on Saturday afternoon for Miss Charlotte A. Lane at the home of her nephew and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Cunningham, River road,

All of her old and many of her young friends gathered to show their love and respect for one whose going leaves a vacant place in the life of village which will be felt by old and young alike.

The service was in charge of Rev. George H. Lewis, pastor of the Village church (Universalist) with which Miss Lane has always been connected. The beautifully comforting passages of scripture were read, followed by some of the old hymns which Miss Lane so loved. "Blest Be the Tie That Binds" and "Nearer My God to Thee" were most feelingly sung by the quartet consisting of Mrs. Mildred Story Ellis, Mrs. Carlton H. Parsons, Fred M. Gorman and Owen Lowe. Rev. Bertram D. Boivin of Gloucester, a former pastor at the Annisquam church, and a personal friend of Miss Lane's, spoke most touchingly of the beauty and sweetness of the long years of her life; of the love she created wherever she was, of the affectionate title of "Aunt Tot", which was the name every one in the village used so proudly when addressing her and of how it is simply impossible to think of village life in Annisquam without recalling her.

Rev. George H. Lewis read "The Home Maker" by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney

which seemed as if it must have been written for Miss Lane. After the remarks of Rev. Mr. Lewis the guartet sung "The Morning Light Is Breaking" almost as a triumphant reminder to us that for her the darkness had indeed disappeared and the morning of her glory had just begun.

The floral tributes were many and beautiful.

All will miss her, but her friends shall always have before them the example of what joy and comfort and love, one woman may shed on those around her.

She was laid to rest, the last of a large family, in the family lot at Oak Grove cemetery.

Many friends and relatives came from Boston, Wellesley, Lowell and other out-of-town places to pay their last tribute of respect to the deceased.

The Gloucester Times

"Aunt Tot" of Cape Ann

We laid in her "narrow cell" yesterday the celebrity of our summer home. She witnessed great changes in her near-century of life. Her father, captain of a square-rigger, sailed all seas, but built a stately homestead for his family to enjoy during his long absences. When the children got restless, the mother would say: "take the glass and go to the attic. See if your father's ship is coming in." But it has now been a half-century since any bark has tied up to the great stone docks which are still standing, and in place of the yards where acres of fish were once laid out to dry are now the lawns with flowers and fountains of great estates. The captain's house, however,remains unchanged. It has figured in many a moving picture, with its wide verandas, shaded by stately elms, with the village coach, still preserved, drawn up in front and bevies of maids and beaux, in all the finery of a hundred years ago. But the income from the captain's estate was not sufficient to keep up the place under the altered conditions, so Aunt Tot took summer boarders. She never advertised. Her own guests did that for her until every season she had to keep a waiting-list. It was one rare company of college professors, authors and artists, the latter attracted by the uncommon opportunities for sketching. The house was never intended for such a purpose, and so there was no economy of space. The rooms were all square and vast. Only a favored few could be "lodged." The "table boarders" must needs be farmed out among the neighbors. Over it all Aunt Tot presided with easy grace. No domestic convulsions ever discomposed her. She was never

known to make an error in her accounts, complicated though they were of necessity. She was up at four o'clock and did the pastry for the day. She said naively that she had made pies enough to reach 'round the cape. She was the boon companion of the children, always confident that her baseball team would beat all others, but whether they did so or not there was always a substantial lunch set out when they returned from the field. She was the center and soul not of her guests alone but of the entire village, the common treasure of the whole community, holding it together. Her whole soul responded to the beauty of her physical environment. Like Ruskin, she never drew her shades at night, anxious as she was to see what the moon and stars were doing, and what the sun would do with the clouds in the morning. What wonder that the artists hung on her words and got hints from them for their work.

I never thought of "Blest be the tie that binds" as a funeral hymn, but when it came to the lines,

"When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined in heart
And hope to meet again",

it seemed singularly appropriate. So also did "The Morning Light Is Breaking," hymns of her choosing and sung without any tremulo or other musical affectation. The pastor's tribute, though confessedly a difficult task, was more than satisfactory. He spoke of Aunt Tot as a common treasure binding the whole community together; how through her we all touched the real and eternal; how in her we found something akin to the things we love in nature, so the one reminded us of the other, be-

cause in each we recognized the heart of goodness and beauty; how those words "Aunt Tot" meant more than the blood relationship so designated. Hers was the understanding heart which invited confidence. She had rare ability for treasuring up scenes and incidents which impressed one with the richness of the past and made one feel that the present, however difficult, was greatly worth while. Her vital grasp on the world's essential beauty kept her heart beating far beyond the time when nature entered its natural claim upon her frail temple. Aunt Tot was a better defense of the faith than any book that could be written, a conclusive argument for the reality, beauty, divinity of religion.

Anonymous

The Pittsburgh Advocate

January 15, 1925.

Her Poetry

Miss Lane's rare friendly and neighborly spirit found expression in the verses she wrote--in celebration of birthdays, wedding anniversaries, surprise parties and other occasions. The poems which as a rule went with her Christmas and other gifts enhanced their value. Her fervent piety expressed itself in psalm and spiritual song, her patriotism in poems for the "Reform Club", and the Veterans at the Chelsea Soldiers' Home, and an ode on seeing Lincoln's portrait; her playful humor in cunning turn of word and phrase. The strength of her family affection is shown in the number of lines addressed to her niece and nephews, her grand nieces and grand nephews, and other members of a large family circle. She herself did not attach importance to her verse, but even a superficial glance discovers distinct ability which would have carried her far had she chosen to devote herself to literature. Out of the scores of poems preserved two are selected, one illustrating her humor, and the other, her neighborly spirit.

This mass of words herein compiled
Have twisted themselves together
Like family bills, assorted, filed,
And bound by separate tether.
Each cluster like a bunch of thyme
That's dried for future using,
Unsightly seems, but yet the rhyme
If read, might be amusing.

March 9, 1884.

Written on being
asked to preserve
her poems.

Dear Friends --

Accept this little gift I pray
On this your golden-wedding day
Of every gift I wish the best
On your and yours may ever rest.

Your light I've watched for many a year
Lending the night a kindly cheer
O may this candle ray of mine
With friendly luster ever shine.

When life's mile-stones all are past
May friendships' light forever last
And when we reach that land more fair
May we be neighbors over three.

To Alice and William Davis on their Golden Wedding, December 10, 1906.

Annisquam: Origin of Name

The name is said to be derived from Ann, the name of the cape on which it is situated, and Squam, an Indian word signifying "Pleasant Water".

On some of the old charts it is marked as being a bad harbor to sail into in storms on account of bar and rocks.

Hospitality.

In hospitality our villagers were never wanting. A stranger visiting the place met a kindly greeting at every door and a warm welcome at every fireside. The guest, even for a short time, must be entertained even if the viands were not of the daintiest.

I have heard old people tell of one, though grieving the death of a little child whose body she had followed from her home on Mt. Hunger to the old burying ground, who, after the sexton had performed his last sad offices, turned and said to her companion, "Now you go on with the procession through the public way while I go across lots to have supper ready by the time you get there," and crossing the sandy road, her tall figure disappeared behond the rough boulders. True to her word the table stood ready for the repast when the friend reached the threshold. The shortcake, baked on a board before the fire on the hearth, stood smoking in the center of the table, covered with a blue checked cloth spun from the flax that grew in her father's field.

At the death of her husband she exclaimed, "O Timothy, Timothy, Timothy! You never looked so well in your life before", as she mounted on a chair and peeped over the sheet which screened the friends who were preparing her husband for his last repose. Poor soul, she was curious even in the presence of death. No wonder she was surprised into such an exclamation. The brown face of the sailor which had been fanned by the winds of many climes had paled while he lay tossing with fever and the swollen features had returned to their natural repose.

In the dim light of the tallow candle she saw the white forehead from which the damp locks of wavy hair had just been brushed, the long, dark lashes which fringed the lids of eyes now closed on earthly scenes and laid on the passive checks, and the tightly closed, resolute mouth, and all gave a majesty to the man which she had never before beheld. The blue anchor on the folded hands was more distinct than ever.

Artists

Annisquam has long been a favorite resort for artists and their classes. Among the older artists were William Allen Gay, Mr. Hartwell, portrait painter Dublois, Frabonias, Albion T. Bicknell. In 1868 Mr. Bicknell had a studio, now the home of Mrs. Webber, and painted a picture of Lincoln for the State House at Augusta, Maine. Bolton and Frank Jones came here and Henry H. Gallison spent most of 22 summers here.

In 1875 Mr. William Hunt's class of 17 ladies was here in the season of apple blossoms. Later came Mr. Tarbell, Joseph DeCamp and his classes, Miss Cecelia Beaux, Stephen Parrish and son Maxfield, Mr. Quartey, a Baltimore artist and Miss Cohen, a sculptress. At present Mr. and Mrs. William Brundage, Mr. and Mrs. Melbourne Hardwick, artist, and Anna Vaughn Hyatt, sculptress, have summer homes here.

Bridge.

The bridge over Lobster Cove was built in the summer of 1846. Most of the stockholders were residents of Annisquam. It was a toll bridge and the toll house was half way across. The fare was one cent for a person and five cents for a team. The stockholders, after a few years, did not consider it a paying venture and turned it over to the town in 1853 or 1854, giving in their shares. Their was much opposition to the town taking it and at the town meeting Mr. Cyrus Story asked why they could not dispense with the bridge and have a ferry boat. Some one asked him if he was ever at Annisquam at low tide.

Mr. Obadiah Woodbury and Mr. John Woodward Low used to ride to the bridge, tie their team and then walk across when they came to purchase fish of the fishing firms.

The first keeper of the toll house was Mr. Ira Saville. He had tobacco, cigars, and candy to sell and repaired watches, clocks and spectacles. Later Mr. Bray kept it and repaired shoes. The toll house was removed when the bridge became public. The bridge has been rebuilt several times.

The Roads

River Road was built in 1853 and much appreciated by all residents of the village. It dispensed with so many rights of way that it made glad the hearts of land holders.

Cambridge Avenue was laid out in 1868 or 1869, Mr. James Hall buying the land of Mr. Daniel Lurvey. Houses were soon built by Mr. Hall, Mr. Thurston, Mr. Curtis and James Davis. Later by , Teele, Lord and Strater.

Boys at first called it Cracker Lane and Soap Alley.

Dr. Isaac Adams built his house on the hill in 1880. There were two ponds on the hill near his residence where the children skated.

When some of the villagers became interested in spirit revelations, messages were received that Captain Kidd had buried some of his treasure near the edge of the lower pond. Not wishing their friends to know about it, two of the villagers went in the evening and dug for it. They were rewarded the second evening, which was very dark, by a ducking of one of them who slipped into the hole they had excavated.

They were also told that some treasure was buried around 'Squam Rock but none was ever brought to light.

The Annisquam Universalist Church.

From an address at the church, June 6, 1892.

In 1726 a few of the families on the north side of the Cape were desirous of having a church of their own, where their children could be baptized, and they could attend divine services.

It was a long distance to the Harbor, and although their walk in summer was through fragrant paths, and over sightly hills, in the long, cold winters they were often obliged to forego the pleasure of attending divine services, and meeting friends and relations and learning the news of the day, and this awakened in their minds the idea of having a church of their own near home.

Beneath those lowly roofs dwelt men with courage for duty as they saw it, and zeal to do God's work that we do well to emulate. In 1726 about forty of the residents petitioned the town for the privilege to build a church on some of the unappropriated land near home. Their wish was not granted until 1728.

The site of the church they could not all agree upon, each party was desirous of carrying their point. Tradition says that the timber for the church, cut down on adjacent hills, had been delivered at the site selected by one party to be removed in the night by the other party, to be removed again by the first at their earliest opportunity. Evidently in time they agreed and the church was erected. The church was a plain, nearly square building with two tiers of small windows and three doors.

On the southern side toward the cove was one leading up the broad aisle. A door on the north for the slaves, one on the western side with the pulpit, with its sounding board. On the eastern side was the gallery with two flights of stairs, one leading to the choir, the other to the slaves and paupers quarters.

The tithing man's pew was near the steps to the gallery. He sat with tithing rod in hand which had a round ball on one end with which he called the boys to order by rapping on their heads. Attached to the other end were a few feathers with which he tickled the noses of the drowsy brethren. The pews were square, high-backed, with a railing at the top. A chair was in each pew for the head of the family. There was no steeple and no chimney. In summer the grass grew up through the floor and in winter the snow sifted down on their heads.

Just picture the scene on a cold winters morning. Our fathers with several of their numerous children plodding along the narrow, snow-blocked roads and windswept paths, attired in their suits of homespun, one child with the foot stove, if they were fortunate to have one, procuring the coals for it from the friend nearest the church.

Another child with the family lunch in the blue plaid kerchief which was an indespensible article to our dames in those days, for on Sundays they listened to two long sermons and lengthy prayers with only a short intermission.

They not only possessed courage but strong constitutions. Do you wonder that

consumption became the scourge of the place, particularly among the mothers. Most all the men were blessed with several wives. One can readily see that their God to them was one of wrath and demanded great personal sacrifice and discomfort.

Having built their church and engaged a minister they petitioned the General Court to confirm their doings. Their petition was granted and they were incorporated in 1728.

The Rev. Benjamin Bradstreet was ordained as pastor September 17, 1728, Salary 125 pounds the first year, 130 the second and a wood lot. In 1732 an addition of ten pounds was made to his salary for preaching nine lectures during the summer months. In 1739 he baptized 31 children. His health failed in the autumn of 1761. While on a journey for its benefit he died in Danvers, Mass., May 31st, 1762. He was buried from the church June 3rd. He was born in Newbury, graduated from Harvard, married Sarah Greenleaf and had eight children. Two of his daughters married in the village, having descendants living here at the present time, Mr. William E. Dennis, Mr. Frank Langsford and Mrs. Emily A. Sargent.

He was beloved by the people whom he faithfully served 34 years.

The Rev. John Wyeth was settled as pastor in 1765. Many were opposed to his settlement and subjected him to many petty annoyances. He was to preach in a neighboring parish Saturday and going to the pasture to find his horse could not find him. He called a neighbor to his help. They found him in the right pasture but color

changed by a coat of whitewash. He was dismissed May 19, 1768,and turning his back on the place, from the top of Pilgrim Hill, he shook the dust from his feet saying they would hear from him. He commenced an action against the society and they were obliged to settle with him as best they could.

July 2, 1772 was set apart as a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer for the forgiveness of their sins, and to seek direction of God relating to a choice of ministers. Mr. Obadiah Parsons of this town was ordained November 11, 1772. His ministry terminated unhappily and he was dismissed in 1779. The people at this time were suffering from the effects of the Revolutionary war. A large number of the men were engaged in it on land and sea. Occasional preaching kept the society together until 1804 when the Rev. Ezra Leonard was ordained with a salary of $400.

An important incident occurred during his ministry, the conversion of himself and his flock to the doctrine of Universal salvation. The only action the church took on the matter was passing a vote December 11 that he should preach the Gospel till the next March meeting.

Universal salvation had seemed more in accordance with their idea of a heavenly father, their very occupation, "going down to the sea in ships", gave them broader views of life and a more generous love and hope for their brother man.

Their perilous position on the broad ocean or near the storm-swept coast, battling with the angry waves with only a plank between them and eternity, they felt the need of a kind and forgiving father on whom they could depend when human aid was of no avail, and dependence begets love.

Mr. Leonard continued pastor until his death, Sunday morning, April 22, 1832. No man was ever more loved by a society than Mr. Leonard. He was not only pastor but physician, generous friend and counselor. If he bought a pair of shoes for his wife and he met some one whom he thought wanted them more, he would give them, saying to his wife, "Hers were worse than yours". It was the same with sugar, flour and tea.

Mr. Babson, in his History of Gloucester.

"Mr. Leonard's name will be held in grateful remembrance till one shall surpass him in all virtues that distinguished his ministry. His funeral services were held at the church, Rev. Thomas Jones of Gloucester delivering the sermon. When ordained he was unmarried and boarded at Mr. William Whittridge on Union Court. He held, at times, evening meetings at Folly Cove. Returning from one, Mr. Whittridge, as he handed him his candle said, "Had you a pleasant evening tonight, brother"? "O very, Brother Whittridge, Mr. Woodbury has some very fine daughters, Nancy in particular."

On returning from the same place a little later Mr. Whittridge asked, "Well brother, did you think Nancy as fine this evening?" "O yes, so fine I asked her to marry me and she said she would." They were married in 1805 and had two sons and three daughters. His wife faithfully fulfilled her promise.

In 1830 the old church, to the younger members of the parish, seemed very dilapitated, as the lightning had used it as a target years before and repairing was useless. The parish voted to have the present church erected, which was accomplished and the church dedicated in 1831.

Mr. Leonard was desirous to have some of the young members present at the raising of the church which was in April, 1830, and he invited some of his parishioners to be present with their sons. All around the table that day have responded to that silent voice that bade them come up higher.

The pastors that succeeded Mr. Leonard were Trull, Harriman, Leach, Newell, Bartlett, Clark, Coffin, Gunnison, Partridge, Record, Tullar, Willis, Benton, Hooper and Henry Leonard.

Mr. Leach organized the Sunday School, and he was much interested in the slavery question and temperance. Mr. Coffin's childrens' concerts have never been excelled. Mr. Gunnison's pastorate commenced in 1854 when the church was renovated and the pulpit changed. The society was in a flourishing condition, the pews filled and the people awakened to fresh courage and zeal.

Rev. Henry C. Leonard was born April 25, 1818. He settled over the Annisquam parish in January, 1877, and he remained its pastor until his death March 7, 1880. At the time he said he had always thought he would like to be settled over Parson Leonard's society as long as he lived. His wish was granted.

From the Gloucester Advertiser of March, 1880.

"Our Rockport correspondent gives a well-chosen summary of the life and character of the late H. C. Leonard. It is a well merited tribute to the man whose life work covered a wide range. Preacher, pastor, poet, teacher, lecturer, editor, author, soldier, school superintendent, and did his work fairly well in all

departments of literary industry where he toiled. He had the happy faculty of memory and retaining friends. His memory will ever be fragrant among those who knew and loved him well. An ardent lover of nature, the birds and flowers were his friends.

The bereaved Parish will long hold the name of Leonard in affectionate remembrance. Its mention recalls two men, a half century apart, each of whom wrought for them a good work. The one brought them from darkness to light, the other added to the light which shone upon their hearts by his cheerful and helpful ministries."

When we speak of Father Leonard a man venerable in years and outward aspect is suggested to our mind. No one thought of associating age or venerable years with the name of his successor, yet the former died at 57, the latter at 61. So youthful was his heart, so cheerful was his greeting, so readily did he enter into the pleasures and enjoyments of younger people that he seemed to have supped from the fount of perennial youth.

During Mr. Penniman's ministry the church was remodelled. Rev. Ashley Smith followed Mr. Penniman, then Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Bertram D. Boivin, Mr. Hiram Smith and Rev. Judson P. Marvin. In the last ten years so many of the society have been called to the higher life and none arise to fill their places, it leaves a small number of worshippers yet we trust in a brighter future.

Old memories hold me and again I recall the old singing seats and the choir that fil-

led them, with the double and single bass, the violin and flute. The immense chandelier at Christmas time with its hoops of evergreen and its candles, the pasteboard angel behind the pulpit, modest in its little black slippers and its trumpet, which served as a decoration when a convention was held here in the long ago. The bridal party, the christenings, the last farewell to the loved ones gone before, all come in for a place in this history with the long line of worshippers whose tread these walls have echoed.

Aye! The history of this church is written in the lives of those who have been strong to duty, in the generous charity to those who needed it, in their hope that saw the silver lining when clouds of doubt and sorrow surrounded them and in the faith, in the undying love of a father that could strengthen and sustain them, that when the summons came "they could go like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

From an Address at the
Church
June 6, 1892

Program of Dedication of the New Universalist Church of Annisquam the first Wednesday in January, 1831.

Order of Exercises.

1. Voluntary by the choir, "I was glad", etc.
2. Introductory Prayer--Rev. Hosea Ballou.
3. Reading of Scriptures--Rev. L. R. Page.
4. Hymn L. M. (Streeter's Collection)
   Old Hundred.
5. Dedicatory Prayer---Rev. Thomas Jones.
6. Hymn 483 C. M. (Streeter's Collection)
   Clarendon.
7. Sermon---Rev. Thomas Whittemore.
8. Concluding Prayer---Rev. E. Leonard.
9. Anthem (Hallelujah Chorus)

Benediction---Rev. E. Leonard.

There will be an afternoon service
By Rev. H. Ballou.

At a parish meeting held January 18, 1828 there was a general request that a hearse should be obtained for the use of the parish. The committee appointed to purchase the same was Captain Gideon Lane, 3rd, Samuel and David Babson, Jr. They were to erect a suitable house for the same near the center of the parish and to provide a person to care for the same, to furnish a horse and keep things in good order.

There were 252 subscribers. Winthrop Sargent, Walter Woodbury and Daniel Woodbury paid $4. each, Gideon Lane, 3rd, David Babson, Jr., John Haraden and Madam Baker, $5. each, Aaron Wheeler, $3.50, Samuel Lane and David Lane, $3, each, two paid $2.50, nine paid $2., two paid $1.50, six paid $1.25, ninety-five paid $1., thirty-nine paid $.75 and three paid $.50.

I have heard elderly people tell the story of one of the parish, when her mother died shortly after the hearse was purchased. It being a very rainy morning the day of the funeral one of the neighbors who was in to help her said it was too bad it was so rainy and asked how she would go to the grave. "O if I could get there I could get home well enough. I could ride in the hearse."

Baptist Church.

This church was built about 1830 by Elder Epes Davis, a free-will Baptist. He left the Annisquam church when Mr. Leonard changed from Orthodox to Universalism in 1811. Back of the church was a small piece of land fenced in for a family burying-ground. Mr. Davis' second wife and Sarah, their child, 4 years of age, were buried there.

At one time a four days service was held at the church, many coming from out of town to join in the exercises.

I remember one Sunday, a beautiful day in summer, several persons were baptized near the entrance to the Annisquam Yacht Club house, where Mr. Hardwick's house now stands.

Mr. Davis gave up preaching in 1837. The church was used for lectures and like services. Mr. Sylvanus Brown, an itinerant preacher, sometimes held forth there. He made some trouble in a church in Rockport and was taken to the county jail. A flier was sent around to the houses on which was printed the following:-

You will see Brown coming
You will see Brown coming
You will see Brown coming
From the old county jail.

We will have him back to Rockport
We will have him back to Rockport
We will have him back to Rockport
To spite old Wakefield Gale.

Mr. Brown was very peculiar. When here he made his headquarters with Mr. Davis. One evening he arrived a little late and the fam-

ily of 15 had just finished supper. After being served with two or three cups of tea he said, "There, Mrs. Davis, I will take a little more of that water drained through the teapot." He often visited the schools and, as he was amusing, the children were always glad to see him.

In 1846 Mr. Timothy Smith bought the building and changed it into a hall with two stores and a sail-loft on the lower floor. The door of the hall was in the front of the building with those of the stores on each side. The hall was then fitted up for a school room and Benjamin Swain opened a private school there. He was a faithful, conscientious teacher and taught there three years.

In 1846 one of the stores was used as a primary school, there being more children than could be accommodated in the schoolhouse.

At one time Mr. Charles Smith used one of the stores as a tailor's shop. The other was used by Mr. Graham as a book bindery through most of the fifties and to 1862 or '3.

Mr. John G. Saville kept fruit, drugs and fancy goods in one. In 1868 the Christian Association held their meetings in one.

The hall was used by the Washingtonians, a temperance society, also the Sons and Daughters of Temperance, the Cadets of Temperance and the Band of Hope held their exercises there. The sail-loft was often used for suppers when different societies held their fairs in the hall. Mr. Smith sold the building to Mr. Bray in 1851 and moved to Westborough.

Mr. Bray lived in the house now owned by the Misses Wentworth. Mrs. Bray would

invite the ladies Circle to sew for her. They would meet in the hall and she would furnish them supper, sometimes a fine boiled dish, sometimes a baked bean or a fried fish supper, and all enjoyed her hospitality. The members sewed for three cents each.

Mrs. Bray was an active, industrious person, ambitious to rise in the world with her children. Near her home was a small piece of land. She wanted a good-sized barn so she said she could have but little on earth but she could run it into the heavens as far as she pleased and she surely did. It had a very high pitched roof.

The Brays moved west and sold the building to Captain Gustavus Lane who enlarged it on the rear. The bodies were removed from the burying ground to the cemetery in 1859-60. After Captain Lane's death, in 1876, Mr. John D. Davis purchased the building and added to the rear. He kept a store and the Post Office for a number of years. In Cleveland's presidential administration the Post Office went to Mr. Frank Brown. At first the hall was called "Washingtonians". Captain Lane changed the name to "Mechanic". Miss Annette R. Rogers bought the building of the Davis heirs and it is now known as Village Hall.

The elm trees in front of the hall were set out in 1846.

Ministers.

The early settlers attended Parson White's church at Gloucester.

In the old burying ground near the railroad crossing selected by the early fathers of the town which was, as Whittier says:

"The dreariest spot in all the land
To Death they set apart
With scanty grace from nature's hand
And none from that of art.

A winding wall of mossy stone
Frost flung and broken lines
A lonesome acre thinly grown
With grass and wandering vines.

They dared not plant the graves with flowers
Nor dress the funeral sod
Where with a love as deep as ours
They left their dead with God.

The beauty nature loves to share
The gift she has for all
The common light, the common air,
O'er swept the graveyard wall.

It knew the glow of eventime
The sunrise and the moon
And glorified and sanctified
It slept beneath the moon."

On a stone is the following:-

Here lies the remains of that zealous, faithful and excellent divine.

From Babson's History.

"The Rev. John White who died January 16, 1760, in the 83rd year of his age and the

58th year of his ministry.

"To live is Christ, to die is gain."

Such is the inscription on the slate tablet inserted in the brown freestone slab above the grave of the gentle minister. Mr. White was an Orthodox of the strictest, staunchest sect. In 1703 he built the old Ellery house still standing on Washington Street near the green to which he brought his young bride, Lucy Wise of Chebacco, who was the mother of 11 children, and died March 5, 1727, aged 46.

Two sons were educated at Harvard.

Mr. White was born at Watertown, March, 1678, graduated from Harvard at the age of 20, and was called to the First church in 1702. His second wife was Abigail Blake, daughter of Increase Mather of Boston who died September 10, 1748. His third wife was Mrs. Alice Norwood who died in 1763. A daughter Abigail, married Isaac Allen in 1751. A daughter Mary married David Allen in 1745."

Before his death he built and lived in a house on the lane leading to the old burying ground. I think that his only living representative in this village was Miss Helen Lane, who died April 26th, 1923.

Parson Chandler succeeded Mr. White as the second minister of the Gloucester church. The people of this hamlet attended that church and Mr. Chandler married, baptized and attended the funerals here.

In those early days, it seems, ministers and their families engaged in a variety of works and Parson Chandler could do a turn at most anything.

From his journal, December 12, 1765:- "Was at home making candles, 60 pounds. "He also made window frames, sashes, set glass, 80 panes one Christmas day, plastered a chamber, made the garret stairs, fed a lime kiln and painted some of the cellar in his new house.

On one occasion he fixed his neighbors clock and his wife made sausages.

Mr. Chandler died March 16, 1775, after a long and painful illness.

The Old Graveyard.

Long years ago (none living now
Their life work had begun)
Our good forefathers chose this spot
For rest, their life work done.
Hard by the homes they loved so well
And near the wavewashed shore
They planned for these last narrow homes,
Life's busy planning o'er.
Scant was its share of natures wealth
Of foliage or of tree
But brightest sunshine blessed each noon
And purest air fanned free.

By night or day the wild waves sang
Unending requiem o'er
The uncoffined dead beneath their depths
To those upon the shore.
For full in sight the ocean lay
Where solemn voices tell
Of him whose power controls its might
And life and death as well.
Fain would we know who was the first
For whom they broke the sod,
How long 'gainst death they held the place
In silent state with God.

We know they gathered one by one,
The grey haired and the young,
And o'er each mound that here uprose
Some loving heart was wrung.
But close the mounds and grave-stones stood
Ere many years had flown
For death, the busy reaper,
All seasons for his own.

One marble tells in simple words
Of one beloved by all
The faithful shepherd of his flock
Ready at every call.

As friend, physician, pastor, too,
Their duties he combined
And many a pleasant legend tells
The love he left behind.
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
Full oft were given here
But even more we hope 'twas done
In trusting faith, not fear.

We may not know if still these live
Or mark what paths we tread
Thank God, if still such hope is ours
When bending O'er our dead.
For then we tread life's darkened way
As those whose friends have gone
To brighter homes, which we shall reach
A little farther on.
And in this light, death seems but birth
To happiness above
And graves but portals to a house
Of joy, and peace, and love.

But graves are ever mystic ground.
We pity those below
Nor think how many weary hearts
Are more than glad to go.
So by our fellowship with grief
Which all who live must share
Will guard this spot from rude approach
And make its borders fair
That when our summons comes to lie
Like narrow walls between,
Some loving hands may keep for us
Both grave, and memory green.

Mrs. Elizabeth C. Leonard

Henry Codman Leonard.

The sunshine of the spring is bright
On Hillside and on meadow,
By field and wood the early birds
Their happy numbers sing.
Across our hearts today there falls
A sorrow builded shadow,
That casts a sadness on the light
And beauty of the spring.

And while the days repeat again
The seasons pleasant story,
While bloom will come with beauty rare
And feathered warblers throng
He sleeps who loved with tender love
The springtimes budding glory
Whose gentle spirit answered back
The song of bird with song.

Ah those who knew him sadly miss
The cheery word of greeting,
The warm, strong clasp of friendly hand,
The dear familiar face.
Today the waves he loved so well
With mighty throbs are beating
The granite hills of coastline near
His last earths resting place.

"None knew him but to love him", this
Of him may well be spoken
A faithful friend, a teacher true
A counsellor and guide
When to faint hearts dark clouds appeared
Their shadowy gloom unbroken
His word of courage pierced the veil
And showed the golden side.

Soldier of Christ and faithful one
His earthly labors over,
The armor laid aside he wore
So nobly and so well.

Bright be the flowers our Father sends
His burial sod to cover
And sweetly may the songs of birds
Above those blossoms swell.

And he who loved God's creatures here
With heart so true and tender,
Who in the earthly paths he trod
Saw much so good and fair.
Today his spirit in the glow of heavens
Unclouded splendor,
Walks in the light of God amid
The buds and blossoms there.

H. C. L. Haskell

Election Day.

The origin of Election Day I have never been able to learn. It seemed to be a festival peculiar to this hamlet and was observed for generations. I heard my grandmother speak of it as "negro election."

I have thought it might have been from a fete day given the slaves on the last Wednesday in May, the time of its observation. I am sorry to say that slaves seemed to be quite numberous in the early days. The planting in the fields and the general cleaning up of the land being over, the weather warm enough so they could enjoy out door sports, I presume they had such a day.

In fancy I can see them in the shadow of some large boulder or beneath the pines at Norwood's mills, singing their melodies and showing their ivorys at some good joke of their number, the same sunshine and the same murmur of the sea greeting their ears as that of today. The only negro I can remember was old Neal who years ago laid down "his shovel and his hoe and took his golden crown."

In the long ago there would be parties of different ages celebrating at different places. Children, youths and middle age had each their mustering place on Election Day.

To me, as a child, it was the favorite holiday of the year. There was a sociability, a fraternal feeling about it which was wanting in other holidays. Older generations, I learned, had the same feeling regarding it. Children came home and friends from other places made their annual visit.

I remember of one of the older ladies of the village telling me how warm the season was one year when she came home dressed in white with yellow daffodils in her hair and on her waist.

In the early days the older people went to Judy Kleine's or Sally Saville's. Sally was celebrated as a fortune teller and had many visits from the lads and lasses of those days as the spirit of Moll Pitcher was felt to preside over her household.

On election afternoon children of different ages would be seen hurrying through the streets with their baskets of cake or buns and bunches of lilacs, to their place of meeting. A certain kind of cake was baked for that day and was called election cake.

The receipt, if I remember correctly, was a pint bowl of sugar, two-thirds of a pint of butter, three eggs, a pint bowl of milk, pint of yeast, teaspoon of salt and three bowls of flour. After it was raised, cinnamon, nutmeg and raisins were added and it was made into loaves and raised again. Home-made beer or diet drink also made its appearance on this occasion.

Diet drink was made from spruce, pine, hemlock, black birch, wintergreen and sassafras boiled and strained and sweetened with molasses. Yeast was added when cool.

In 1851 was the last gathering and was at the lighthouse. Old and young were gathered there. All that were present have gathered in a fairer land, excepting two of the party.

Parson Leonard's Almanac.

Mrs. E. C. Leonard, a daughter-in-law of Parson Leonard and a former resident here, had a copy of an almanac composed by Rev. Ezra Leonard for 1813. It had 25 pages and was of very quaint appearance. On the outside of the cover was printed-"Farmers and Mariners Almanac." Below were the national emblems and a picture of a ship under sail. On the title page was this quotation.

"When I consider the heavens, the work of they fingers, the moon and stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him."

The almanac was printed by Edward Oliver of Boston. I have heard old people remark that one day he was at a loss as to what the weather should be and put "Perhaps snow, rain or fair weather."

Granite Works.

About 1830 the granite business was started here by Mr. Mark Wood and Mr. Bent of Quincy, Mass. They worked on the quarry on Walnut Street, back of Village Hall, furnishing the stone to build the United States dry dock at Charlestown Navy Yark. Other parties started the quarries near the beach, which were last owned by Mr. Nathan Fellows, furnishing stone for the Navy Yard at Portsmouth, N. H. The stone being hard to work, these quarries were left at the opening of the Bay View quarries by Coburn and Eames in 1852.

Mr. Wood was killed by a block of stone falling on him in 1832. Mr. Thomas Peach was killed by a blast in 1843 at the other quarry. Mr. Bent did not live here and his son Nathaniel carried on the work, assisted by his brothers, Eben and Winslow. Mr. Nathaniel Bent married Elizabeth Sargent. He died, leaving a family of children, in March, 1851. His family later removed to Quincy.

Major Luther S. Bent, a son, married in 1871. Major Bent has been a prominent summer resident of this village. He served throughout the Civil war and was major of the 18th Mass. Regiment. After the war he was employed as civil engineer to supervise the construction of the Union Pacific Railway and continued in that employment until 1874 when he went to the Pennsylvania Steel Company. He was an active member of the Unitarian church of Philadelphia and of the Loyal Legion. He died in April, 1915 leaving a widow, two sons and two grand-children. He was a man of marked personality and a stanch friend.

Fires.

Before 1800 a house that stood on the spot where the house between Leonard and Walnut Streets, near the schoolhouse, now stands, was burned down and the present house was built. The house was owned by the widow of Nathaniel Griffin.

In 1856 a schooner loaded with lime went ashore in an August storm on Coffin's beach, took fire and made a fine blaze.

Mr. Willard Griffin's barn was burned in October, 1871. Children playing with matches set it on fire. Again in August, 1900 a barn of Mr. Griffin's was burned and a horse perished in the flames. Both buildings occupied the spot where Mrs. Cunningham's cottage now stands.

April 3, 1889, a fire was discovered in the grocery store of Captain George Lane, now kept by Mr. Edward Sargent. The alarm was sounded by the ringing of bells, the fire department quickly responded and the fire was soon extinguished. The fire originated on the head of a barrel of kerosene. The head of the barrel was burned through and it seemed strange that there was no explosion.

In the winter of 1884 a building owned by Mr. Gilbert Davis and standing on the site of Major Bent's stable, was burned.

The small cottage belonging to Mrs. Frank Brown was partly consumed by fire in the summer of 1905.

Gundalows.

"After weary search and failure, one of my friends found in the attic at the bottom of an old hair trunk of ancient make, "The Gundalow Song." It was really a rare find; no one seems to know just how long it had been reposing in that old trunk.

Its words bring vividly to mind an old time and almost forgotten occupation of the farmers of the Cape. I refer to the harvesting and freighting home on gundalows of the annual crop of the salt march hay. To the unitiated, I may say that in reality, the old farmers and their help found very little poetry in cutting the marshes, poling the hay to the gundalows, and the laborious fudging when tide and wind were unpropitious. However, time mellows all things, and our distance from those strenuous days and from the milk of salt hay flavor, will, I think, allow us to appreciate the poem and rejoice in its resurrection. The words were obviously written to that old tune of "Mozart, " Away with Melancholy."

"The Gun'low Song."

The tide is full, my neighbor,
Our gun'lows piled with hay,
Then cease your weary labor,
And we'll merrily float away, away.

Our empty barns are waiting,
Our hungry cattle low,
There's time for no debating,
So merrily off we go, we go.

The breeze blows down the river,
It bloweth fair today,
The leaves and grasses quiver,
As we merrily float away, away.

The tide is turned, my neighbor,
It rushes swift and strong,
Now is the time to labor,
So we'll patiently fudge along, along.

With gun'lows deeply freighted,
Our progress must be slow,
But we've hope and courage mated
So patiently on we go, we go.

Our sturdy hearts grow fonder,
Our voices rise in song,
For our wives and children, yonder,
We will patiently fudge along, along.

"Donefudgin's" passed, my neighbor,
We'll toil no more today,
So rest ye from your labor,
And peacefully drift away, away.

The summer sun is setting,
The sky is all aglow,
We've done with care and fretting,
So peacefully on we go, we go.

Then let fate's heavy bludgeon
Deal with us as it may,
We soon shall be done fudging
And peacefully drift away, away".

The Indians.

For a number of years the Penobscot Indians came in their canoes in the summer, following the shore along the coast, and camped near the lighthouse in the pasture now owned by the Bent heirs. They generally remained about a month or six weeks. Their last appearance was in 1832 or 1833.

Their medicine man came with them. Older people have told me that one who had ills not common would consult the medicine man.

There was a boy, one of our neighbors, who had lost the use of his limbs when about two years old and had been treated by the best physicians in Boston but all to no purpose. The limbs below the knees had grown very small. They took him to see the medicine man who told them to kill a dove and bind it on his ankle while warm and to renew it several times but it failed to help him. At the present time he would be treated for infantile paralysis. Another patient was told to take earth worms and pound them to a jelly and bind them on an abscess or something of that kind.

Mount Adnah.

The people of Annisquam, in December, 1848, selected and set apart for purposes of sepulture the hill formerly known as Jaques' Hill, situate on the northwestern side of Lobster Cove, within a short distance of their meeting house. The place is well chosen as to size, soil and locality, and the proprietors have, with much wisdom and good taste, taken a name from the scriptures, calling it Mount Adnah Cemetery,- Adnah in Hebrew meaning "rest or testimony eternal", or as the writer would interpret it, "Rest and Hope". The place has many natural attractions, and strikes the eye of a stranger as a beautiful home for the dead. It is in nearly a direct line between the village and the church, and is often crossed in going to and from meeting. Being a high elevation of land, it commands a wide view of beautiful scenery, both of land and water, and is a place where thoughtful persons often delight to linger.

This sacred hill the Lord has blessed,
And consecrated to repose,
Where the tired villagers may rest
From all their labors, cares and woes.

It is a goodly place to lie
Asleep in Mother Earth's embrace,
When death has closed the weary eye,
And calmed to peace the troubled face.

No holier spot on earth is found,
Of all where Love her dead bestows;
Here every part is hallowed ground,
And every foot with reverence goes.

'Tis Love's allotment, sealed as such
By nature, who, with chastening breath,
And solemn, sanctifying touch,
Has hallowed this abode of death.

The gentler seasons here will haste
Their early favors to bestow,
And Winter o'er his annual waste
Will kindly spread his veil of snow.

The earliest and the latest blooms,
And flowers which scent the summer air,
She oft renews above these tombs,
To show how constant is her care.

And oft at morning, noon, or eve,
With willing steps will hither stray,
Above the sacred turf to grieve
Where she her treasures laid away.

It is an instinct all divine,
Beyond philosophy's control,
Which teaches us to thus enshrine
The dust once quickened by a soul.

So Adnah shall, as seasons wing,
Open its bosom to receive
The precious dust that Love shall bring
And in its kindly keeping leave.

And those whose earthly life is cast
Amid these peaceful hamlets round
Shall gather here when life is past,
To sleep the long, last sleep profound.

And ever to Faith's listening ear
Sweet Hope will whisper from this hill,
Above them all, "They are not here,
But risen, and are living still."

For God, who watches over all,
To whom all human souls are dear,
To His high home of bliss doth call
The souls that leave their bodies here.

Dear Mount of Rest and Hope, O keep
Death's harvest garnered here secure,
Still housing what his hand may reap,
As long as life and death endure.

While Art and Nature shall combine
To deck with hands of wondrous skill,
And beautify thy sacred shrine,
So fairly set on Adnah Hill.

James Davis

The Old Castle.

This house is said to be one of the oldest now standing in the village. The land on which it stands was granted to Joseph York whose daughter Sarah married William Young in 1725. It is said to have been built in 1720. Captain Gustavus Griffin owned it and was living there in 1790. Later he moved to the house now owned by Bradbury Huff on River Road. The house was rented to different families. James Griffin and family lived there, also the widow of James Saville, a merchant of Boston and a son of Jesse. He died young leaving a son and daughter who were living there in 1806.

Later Mr. Moses Clough and Reuben Patch bought the house. Captain Patch died more than 90 years ago. It was then purchased by Mr. Nathaniel Duley and Mr. William Bragdon. Mr. Duley lived for many years in the part now owned by Mrs. Chapple.

Like most of the early houses it fronted the cove and the roof nearest the street reached nearly to the ground. Mr. Bragdon added the ell. At one time there were four families living there, the women all named Polly and each had a daughter by the same name.

The boys in those days sang:

"Mrs. Polly Gould and her daughter Poll,
Mrs. Polly Hodgkins and her daughter Poll,
Mrs. Polly Davis and her daughter Poll,
Mrs. Polly Parsons and her daughter Poll,
And all a jolly, jolly, polly."

Within those walls all the incidents of life have been enacted. Here came the happy bridegroom with his blooming bride. Its

walls have echoed the soft lullaby of the mother as she rocked the cradle of her sleeping babe. The aged father and mother have laid down life's burden and peacefully slept the sleep that knows no waking in this beautiful world. The widowed mother bade adieu to her orphan children, leaving them in the hands of that father whose care and protection never fails.

Thus do generations glide
Silently as falls the dew
Never here they long abide
Giving place to actors new.
Do they from that home above
In spirit o'er the village roam
Is their influence and love
Felt in any village home?

The Old Tavern.

The old tavern stands at the corner of River Road and Leonard Street. The house was probably built by an Edward Haraden in 1700. Joseph Haraden a descendant of Edward, acquired the estate in 1740. In 1800 it passed to his son-in-law, Thomas Saville, a son of Jesse. There is no record of when it was first used as a tavern. Mr. Saville carried it on as a public house.

I remember the swinging sign that hung from the west corner of the house. On it was a picture of a large tumbler of beer. It was surmounted with a gilt ball. The barroom was on the south corner, front side, and a board partition concealed the jugs and bottles.

In 1812 the back kitchen was used as barracks for a company of soldiers raised for home protection. They saw no fighting, however, but figured on the pension rolls for the rest of their lives.

At one time the Haraden family owned two slaves, Lem and Cate. They were great thieves and would steal things and hide them behind the large chimney in the attic. There were three outer doors. The front door faced the water and the one on the upper corner faced Leonard Street. For a number of years the building was used as a boot and shoe factory by Mr. James S. Jewett. It has seen many changes and its roof has sheltered many guests. A public house, a private house, a tenement house, a shoe factory, again a private house and restaurant.

Physicians.

I think that in the early days of the village the people depended upon doctors from Gloucester or Sandy Bay. Some of the early parsons prescribed for the body as well as the soul, Parson Chandler and Parson Leonard of the church at Annisquam.

Families prescribed for themselves with potions of herb tea and plasters of mullien, dock and horseradish leaves. Our grandmother's gardens were fragrant of sage, rue, wormwood, lovage, balm, summer savory, spearmint and peppermint.

They gathered from the fields and woods motherwort, thoroughwort, catnip, pennyroyal and numerous other herbs that had a medicinal quality and they hung in dried bunches from the rafters in their attics.

Doctor Israel Hovey was practicing here in 1821. He afterward settled in Atkinson, N. H. Doctor Barber was here in the early 30's. He was considered a skillful physician. Died in 1866. Several families depended on Dr. Prentice of Gloucester and Doctor Manning of Sandy Bay. I can remember that when the boys were going clamming, as they shouldered their forks, would sing:-

Doctor Manning went a-clamming,
Joe Bolles dug the holes.

Joe was a grandson of the doctor.

Doctor Ames practiced here for a few years. Captain Gideon Lane was often called to prescribe for children afflicted with croup, measles and other children's diseases.

From a Thompsonian Medical Companion printed in 1833.

Receipt for strengthening syrup.

"Take balm of Gilead buds, black cherry bark, black alder bark or berries, plurisy root, cranebell root and white poplar bark, each 4 os. boil all together in three quarts of water one hour. Strain, sweeten and add spirit enough to keep it from fermentation."

Dr. Amasa Bacon came in 1835. He boarded at Mr. Moses Lane's at the head of the cove for several years. He married a Miss Choate of Beverly and bought the house of Mr. William Day, remodelled it and lived there until Doctor J. F. Dyer bought his practice and house in 1851. Dr. Bacon moved to Sharon.

Doctor Dyer was born in Eastport, Maine, April 15, 1826, graduated from Bowdoin Medical School in 1849. He married Miss Maria Davis of Hancock, N. H., in 1854. He enlisted in the army in August, 1861, as surgeon of the 19th Mass. Regiment and served until August, 1864, acting at times as surgical chief of his division.

Doctor Dyer made many friends among the officers and men and was always welcomed at their reunions. He represented this district in the legislature in 1869, was on the school committee for seven years and a number of years on the board of health. He was alderman for four years and mayor of Gloucester in 1876.

In 1865 he sold his house and moved to Gloucester, retaining his practice here. In June, 1872, he bought the Pierce estate in this village and made it his home. His widow is still living there. He died February 9, 1879, and was greatly missed in the village.

His cheery "good morning" and kindly presence were often more potent than pills or powder. He was ever the friend of the poor and unfortunate who must have sadly missed his gentle ministrations.

From the Cape Ann Advertiser.

"Time takes them home that we love
Fair names, and famous
To the soft long sleep, to the broad
Sweet bosom of death.
But the flower of their souls, he shall not
Take away to shame us
Nor the lips lack song forever
That now lack breath,
For with us shall the music and perfume
That die not dwell,
Though the dead to our dead bid welcome
And we farewell".

Doctor Charles W. Stockman followed Doctor Dyer and moved to Main in 1895.

Doctor William Rowley for more than twenty years has been the faithful and skillful adviser in times of sickness.

Schools.

One of the first mentioned teachers, I think, was a Mr. Coffin, who was the first clerk of the Parish and a fine penman.

Betty Griffin, one of the oldest teachers, I have heard, taught school in the house that stood near the Leonard schoolhouse. It was burned down before 1800 and the house built on the spot is the house that stands between Leonard and Walnut Streets. Betty, being tired with her cares, would recline in her chair and settle down for a nap, close her eyes, hold up her forefinger and assure her pupils that she would know if they looked from their spelling books as she had eyes in her forefinger.

Pupils were rewarded with a long recess and allowed to pick up apples for her pig whose quarters were under the sweet apple tree.

Sukey Griffin taught in the house which is still standing at the foot of Mt. Adnah on the way to the church, now owned by Mr. Clark. The house has been remodeled. Sukey taught reading, spelling and arithmetic, also sewing, and taught by precept and example the higher lessons of morality and good manners. One old gentlemen who used to pass the house on horseback with a basket of apples, on approaching Sukey, was sure of the children flocking to the roadside, dropping curtsy after curtsy and smiling so kindly on him that he could not help dropping an apple for every curtsy and smile. On one occasion Sukey went to ride with a young man and, to look bewitching, borrowed a jockey hat and feather which failed of success as she never married.

The first schoolhouse was on Arlington

Street and had stone steps leading to the door which had a fan blind at the top. The floor was gradually elevated to the farther end of the room. The desks were of soft pine, unpainted, and much marked by a Yankee boys penknife and all built by the home carpenter. The teacher's desk was circular and quite high. The child of four years was taught in the same room with young men of eighteen or twenty.

Young men preparing for a sailor's life were taught navigation by Parson Leonard or by Master Moore at Fresh Water Cove. No janitor was provided, the boys taking turns in sawing and splitting wood, building the fire and sweeping the room.

The desks were movable and could be piled in a corner, the books thrown in a pile on the floor, taking the pupils half the morning to find their books.

Mr. Leander Huff purchased the old schoolhouse and remodeled it into a dwelling house. It was occupied by a number of different families until the Misses Wentworths bought it nine years ago.

The Leonard schoolhouse was built in 1837. The lower part was a schoolroom and the upper part a hall used for the primary school which was then held for the first time. Its first teacher was Mrs. Leach whose husband was the pastor of the Universalist church. About this time the district system was inaugurated, this being District 11, and each district managed its own affairs. The schoolhouse has been enlarged and remodeled and is now up to date.

Old Time Singing School.

Singing School was an old time institution. Of long winter evenings the young people attended, not only for instructions, but for the sociability, meeting ones friends and having a good time generally.

In the long ago there was a school held in a house near the church and only those of certain age could attend. The young girls, not of the right age, thought they would go and look in the windows and see what it was like. Having satisfied their curiosity they started for their homes on the Point. It was a lonesome walk in those days. The evening was dark, without a moon, and it was wet under foot with the melting snow. At the most lonesome part of the way they heard a strange noise and, trembling, wondered what it could be. On turning around they saw what they took to be a tall, white ghost and heard the clanking of chains. Superstition got the better of their minds, they turned and ran to "Aunt Annie's", one of the nearest houses, one having slippers on lost one in the street. Aunt Annie consoled them saying, "I think your ghost was only some of the boys who knew of your trip and thought to frighten you." She was right and one was her son.

Mr. Mark Wood conducted a school, being considered a fine teacher and singer. He would call up each scholar separately and try their voices in order to find the quality of voice. All who could not rise and fall the scale were banished from the school.

One young girl who was sent home retired in tears and her disappointment so affected her that a fit of sickness followed. At the end of the term those who were most proficient in music

were invited to join the village choir.

Often the school was held in some house. As it was the age of candles each scholar took one along. If the room was rather dark it served better for the flirtations.

Another teacher was Master Powers who left his farm in Maine and earned in that way a little money to purchase stock in the spring. He used to flourish a red bandanna handkerchief and beat time with his ox goad. Instead of singing do, re, me, they sang fa, sol, la. Old Mr. John Mains, who lived on Holly Street years ago, was asked on coming out of meeting what he thought of the singing as he was considered a good musician. He replied, "Well, if they were as far out of town as they were out of tune they would not get home till morning".

Mr. Mains married a daughter of Gustavus Norwood. His house was one of the oldest in the village, was very low studded and he was so tall that he could not stand upright in it. He had a very long foot and I have heard old people say that he wore a number 17. The old house was torn down a number of years ago.

Societies.

The Female Benevolent Society was organized in the early spring of 1837. Miss Eunice Fellows waited on her friends and neighbors and invited them to join her in forming a society for helping the poor. At that time several families needed some assistance.

The ladies responded to the call and met with Miss Fellows and her sister Anstice in their rooms in the Pulcifer house on Leonard Street. They formed a society and elected Miss Nancy Leonard, widow of Parson Leonard, president, Miss Theresa Lane secretary and three ladies whose names are not recorded, directors.

Mrs. Martha Jewett served at various times ten years as president, faithfully performing all her duties. Mrs. Clara Benton served as an active, earnest president for more than twenty-five years.

Miss Caroline Griffin in attendance excelled them all, having been secretary from 1858 to 1863 and from 1869 to 1886, seldom omitting a meeting as long as she was able to be present. Her last meeting was in 1905.

Mrs. Mary E. Norwood served both as secretary and president a number of years and was an earnest worker. Such faithfulness to duty none need feel ashamed to have recorded.

On May 29, 1889, they celebrated their Golden anniversary which should have been celebrated two years before. In copying the records in a new book many years before the date 1837 was changed to 1839. At one time the members numbered seventy-five.

The members were earnest, industrious workers and knitted mittens and nippers which they sold to the fishing firms, charging three cents an evening for each member. Later they raised the price to five cents and changed the name of the society to the Ladies Sewing Circle.

From 1846, when they held their first fair, to the present time, they have each year offered an exhibition to the public. The church seemed to need the most assistance and their gifts have been readily accepted.

At the time of the Civil War they sent many boxes of clothing and bedding to the army.

When this society's one hundreth anniversary is celebrated, though we cannot be there in form, may we in spirit see that the tree our mothers planted shall have grown to more beautiful proportions and that its fruits are still blessing this village.

"Time hastens on, and we
What our mothers are shall be,
Shadow shapes of memory
Joined to that vast multitude
Where the great are but the good."

The Washingtonians, a temperance society, flourished here in the 40s and 50s of the last century. Then came the Sons, Daughters and Cadets of Temperance. In the 70s and 80s the Reynolds Reform Club flourished. The Literary Society existed from 1875 to 1914 and the Regulators, a mens' club, furnished much amusement for the village in '93 or '94. Of late years we have the Sewing Bee who aid in church affairs, also the Tuesday Club, composed of ladies who are ardent workers for the good of the village.

Gloucester Artillery.

The field where the houses of Major Bent and Miss Rogers now stand was occasionally visited by the Gloucester Artillery as Field Day in the spring or autumn of 1837, I think, was their last visit and they fired their cannons in front of Village Hall.

The Salem Cadets once made a visit here, coming from Gloucester in gondolas down the river. These days made the children happy.

The first organ man appeared on the scene in the summer of 1841. The organ played three tunes, one, the "Blue Danube". In what seemed to be a little box on the organ were several small images in the shape of men around a casket containing the figure of Napoleon. At certain intervals the casket would open and the men would raise their caps. A long procession of children followed it through the streets.

Soldiers Monument.

In 1884 the Annisquam and Bay View Monument Association was formed to raise funds for a fitting memorial to the boys in blue who laid down their young lives that this glorious country might remain and the Star Spangled Banner might float over a united country. Money was collected through the holding of fairs and entertainments, subscriptions and gifts. Mr. James Mellen, Major Bent and Mr. James Fellows of Lowell made liberal gifts. Captain George Lane and John James Davis (a private in the army) were chosen to select the memorial.

Under the monument was placed a sealed copper box containing a list of soldiers from Gloucester from 1861 to 1865, list of members of the Grand Army Post, report of the city government of 1889 and 1890, by-laws of the Gloucester Board of Trade, Rules and Regulations of the Huntress Home, a copy of the Cape Ann Breeze of April 29, 1890, the Gloucester Times, April 29, 1890, a list of those who contributed to the monument and a badge of the Grand Army.

The monument was dedicated June 17, 1890. Rev. William H. Rider, D. D., delivered the address. There were present, members of the Grand Army Post, Loyal Legion, bands of music and many guests.

Names of those who died during the war.

Ignatius Butler died May 2, 1862 aged 25 yrs.
Walter Butler died August 21, 1864, aged 20 yrs.
Daniel Griffin died December 23, 1863, aged 32 yrs.
Daniel Lurvey died May 2, 1862 aged 20 yrs.
Frederic Morton died May 6, 1864 aged 18 yrs.
James W. Parsons died March 10, 1863 aged 19 yrs.
William Rider died September 28, 1864 aged 23 yrs.
Abraham Robinson died January 18, 1863 aged 29 yrs.
Matthew Vasconcellos died April 12, 1862 aged 19 yrs.

Annisquam Brass Band, 1859.

Members.

James A. Cunningham, leader.

Epes Davis, 3rd.	William G. Davis.
Everett Davis.	Ruel Griffin.
Marcus M. Lane.	William Chard.
Daniel Dade.	Granville Chard.
Jonathan Dennison.	John Edmunds.
John Main.	

All have passed to the Great Beyond with the exception of William G. Davis, aged 86. Died in Pittsfield, Mass. Dec. 1918.

The Yankee Blues.

The Yankee Blues was an Annisquam company more than 115 years ago. Returns of this company of Light Infantry for April, 1821.

Commissioned officers, Reuben Patch, Asa Woodbury, 2nd, James Dennison. Sergeants, Jon. A. Sargent, George Dennison, Epes Butler. Corporals, William Clark, Jonathan Dennison, Andrew F. Burnham. Musicians, Samuel Lane, William Dade, Charles Sargent.

Privates.

Walter Butler.
Samuel Bailey.
John Dodd.
William Dennis.
George Davis, 2nd.
William Dodd.
Samuel Sylvester.
David A. Robinson.
James Knowlton.
William J. Lane.
John. L. Griffin.
Caleb Haraden.
Charles Norwood.
Henry Parsons.
James Gott.
Moses Clough.
Davis Griffin.
Robert Haraden.
Timothy Hodgkins.
George Knights.
Gideon Lane, 3rd.
Samuel Robinson.
Samuel Sargent.
Mark Lane.
William Main.
Oliver G. Lane.
Tristram Griffin.
David Hodgkins.
John Riggs.
Solomon Lane.
William Marsh.

The company disbanded in 1822. A great part of the company were sea-faring men and the company had become reduced to less than 20 privates and had remained so for more than nine months.

In 1813 the villagers got together and built a fort at Babson's Point in which they mounted two 6 pound cannon.

In 1813 was the last time English barges appeared in the harbor of Annisquam.

In 1832 there was a fleet of 65 vessels owned in Annisquam, sloops, schooners and fishing crafts.

Boarding Houses and Hotels.

In the early forties of the last century Mrs. Caroline Saville, living in the house now owned and occupied by Mrs. Frank Brown, entertained the first summer guests, the actor, John Gilbert and wife, Mrs. Pelby of the Waxwork in the old Boston Museum, Julia Pelby and Mrs. Anderson. Later Mr. Ira Saville, Captain Gideon Lane, Mr. William Griffin, living in the house now owned by Mrs. Pevear, Rev. Mr. Gunnison, living in the house now owned by Mr. Fred Norwood, Mr. Thomas Pulcifer, Mrs. Samuel Fuller, living in the house now owned by Mr. William Dennis, and Mrs. Hannah Lane, living in the Colonial house, took summer boarders.

At the time of the summer school they had all moved away or gone to that bourne from which no traveller ever returns and Mr. Webster Sylvester and Miss C. A. Lane entertained. Later Mrs. John Chapple and the boarding houses on the Avenue. The Grand View, now Wonasquam Inn, was built in the seventies and called the Highland House. Mr. Knights was the proprietor. It has changed hands several times. Mr. John Wyman, I think, changed the name to Grand View. Later the Overlook Hotel was built. Mr. Curtis Davis' summer house was built in 1883 and is now the Brynmere. By-Water Inn was built in the eighties of the last century. Beach Cottage was the summer home of Mr. Thurston and one of the first houses built on Cambridge Avenue.

The "Idlewild" was built before 1800 by Captain William Babson for his son William who married Polly Griffin, daughter of Oliver and Mary Griffin. John J. Babson, the historian, was born there. Mr. Babson moved to Gloucester in the early part of the last century and

Epes Griffin, Mr. Babson's wife's brother, lived there several years. After his death John Little, son of Eliphalet Griffin, married Esther Lane of Lanesville and lived there several years. Mrs. Griffin died young, leaving two daughters and five sons. John, the eldest, was a mariner and went mate with Captain Oliver G. Lane on a number of voyages. The last one was on the ship "Victory" that went to California in 1852 with a load of passengers. A number of them were from New Hampshire, among them a lady school teacher. On arriving at San Francisco she married the mate. She taught school a few years in San Francisco and then Mr. Griffin took land in Puget Sound, on the Fidalgo Islands. His brother William went with him. They died several years ago. Oliver settled in the west. George married and lived in Lynn. Epes, the youngest, married Mary Lucretia, daughter of Captain Tristram and Mary (Peabody) Griffin. He was a sea captain and lived in Swampscott where his wife died, leaving a son and 2 daughters. He married again and moved to New Hampshire where he died. His daughters, Maud and Helen, live in Roxbury.

Sarah, daughter of John Little Griffin, kept house for her father after the death of her mother and married and lived in Roxbury. She died several years ago.

Esther, the youngest sister, bought a sheep ranch in the west and is living there unmarried.

Bradbury Huff bought the house and remodelled it. It is now known as the "Ildewild" and has been used as a boarding house for more than twenty years.

Superstitions.

In olden times persons visiting Salem or Boston from Maine often came on a schooner, called a freighter. When the wind was against them and a storm coming on they would come into Annisquam and anchor in the channel which separates the village from the mainland. A young man, once upon a time, came that way and stopped at the tavern while the vessel was in port. The landlord's daughter had a cousin visiting her in whom the young man seemed much interested but his attentions were not reciprocated.

The young lady rather resented the cousin's manner toward the young man and to tease her tried in every way to bring them together. She knew that her cousin was fond of attending the evening services at the church, "confidence meetings", as one old lady called them, and arranged, as she thought, for the young man to be her cousin's escort. The cousin, guessing the plan, stayed at home, to the others great disgust, and retired.

When the young lady came up to bed the cousin said she would not go down again until the wind changed and the young man had gone. "Well," said the other, vexed that her plan had failed and that the cousin had the best of it, "He sha'n't go tomorrow for the wind sha'n't change. To make sure I am going to get the cat and put her under the tub for as long as puss is under the tub there is no fear of the wind changing." Her cousin tried to keep her back as she made her preparations to descend two flights to the cellar, telling her of all the dire calamities that had befallen people in the dark and of the ghosts and witches who performed their arts on the human race in dark corners of cellar and attic. Not to be daunted in her purpose by anything her cousin could tell, she started

on her mission in the dark, not daring to take her candle for fear of the reflection of its light rousing her father and that its flame might set something on fire, and crept cown by the little light which the moon afforded. She soon returned with the black cat under her arm and a good-sized tub in her hands.

While she was triumphantly placing the cat under the tub, resting the tub on the heel of a slipper that the cat might have air, the cousin was watching the schooner as she gently swayed at her anchor in the moonlight from the swell that rolled in from the bar. They listened to the surf on the beach till its dull monotone and the sound of the splash of waves on Bar Rocks lulled them to sleep. While they were lost in dreams the cat, not liking her quarters, had made her escape. In the morning the wind had changed, the schooner hoisted her sails, and on descending to the dining room they found that the young man had left, leaving for them a kind goodbye, and the old cat sat purring on the window sill.

Whales Jaw.

A large ledge or boulder of granite which appears to be mostly on top of the ground. A large rent in this immense ledge causes it to resemble a whales jaw.

"Who fashioned this large monster
From out a block of stone
With jaws extended, couchant,
Who liveth here alone.

Why on land and hillside
Should this Whale's image be
Through blight of centuries
Instead of near the sea?

Fierce winds and fiercer blizzards
Assault and beat in vain
But the granite pasture figure
Heeds neither sun or rain.

Through the daylights opening radiance,
In the noontimes sultry flame,
Through the falling of the gloaming,
This mystery is the same.

A sphinx like ancient boulder
Whose weirdness fills the air.
Will none reveal the secret
Of this stray figure there."

From an old paper. Author unknown.

Yachts.

From my earliest remembrance there were pleasure boats of various types owned in Annisquam and the villagers enjoyed sailing to the different islands in the river and to Coffin's beach on picnic and berrying parties and to Gloucester.

In 1849 Mr. Samuel Fuller who resided in the house now owned by Mr. William Dennis, went out in what was called a whale boat, accompanied by his son George, a lad of 16, Frank Deblois and Gerald Ingless, friends of George, and a Mr. West, a summer visitor at Mrs. Caroline Saville's. Early in the afternoon a squall came up with thunder and lightning and the boat was capsized off the Neck and all were drowned. All the bodies washed ashore that evening excepting that of Frank Deblois whose body was found floating a day or two afterward by a fishing vessel. As the crew knew nothing of the accident the body was buried at sea. A singular incident occurred in connection with this tragedy. Mr. West had started for the boat and returned to leave his watch. While bidding his wife and daughter good-morning a young robin perched on his shoulder and seemed anxious to remain. The robin's action rather depressed his wife as some people were superstitious about birds. A few days later the Christian Register, speaking of the incident, said that on the day of the funeral a robin was noticed following the procession and was seen at the grave.

In 1867, on the Fourth of July, a sailboat was capsized off the Neck and a Miss Norwood and Charles Kerr, residents of the village, were drowned. The rest of the party were saved by people from the shore.

Yachts first appeared here when General Benjamin F. Butler's yacht "America" came into Annisquam in 1870 or 1871. Prof. Tousey and Rev. Coleman Adams sailed the "Ivor" several years.

Mr. George Marsh sailed the "Chance" and "Kulinda". The "Chance" was put up at lottery and was drawn by Mr. Charles E. Cunningham. In 1871 Major Bent sailed his fine yacht "Lydia" and to 1874. Later he had the yacht "Felstedquin".

The "Tartar", owned by Mr. Hastings and other summer residents of Cambridge Avenue, was sailed by Captain William Chard and was ever on the waves in summer time.

In 1870 Gen. Cunningham owned the "Annie G." a schooner-rigged boat of the pinky style. The "Kittiwake" and "Wona" were owned by the Cunningham brothers and later Mr. Fred Cunningham had the "Lynx."

At first the boat club used a building of the Davis's at lower point, The present clubhouse was opened in July, 1898. Before that time "Annisquam Day" was celebrated with bands of music, base ball and other games, yacht races and fireworks, drawing a large crowd of visitors.

Annisquam - 17th Century.

Two hundred years ago and more
How looked it then on Annisquam shore?
Its boundary line remains the same
Though some of the village has changed its name.
On its northern line see Ipswich Bay
The channel to the westward lay
On the east is heard Atlantic's roar
And Gloucester bounds its southern shore.

A harbor safe it was of old
When a craft was over its sand bar bold
A fleet at anchor could safely lie
And old Neptune's fury well defy.
At Trinal's Cove, in days of yore,
A ferry plied to Biscay shore.
Our forbears used that ancient way
When they came from Newbury to pass the day.
Its remains may yet be seen
A half mile from old church green.

No even surface here was seen
Bold, rocky hills with bits of green,
Acres of boulders of every size
Were first to greet the father's eyes.
An old dame walking the paths one day
Picked up the stones that lay in her way
Saying, "Stones in the future will turn to gold
And rocks of 'Squam will be bought and sold."
Her words came true, though laughed at then
By those who thought they had greater ken.

The stones our forbears often saw
With mingled wonderment, and awe
Here chasm where the breakers roar,
And ledges where the wild birds soar,
And rocks where liniaments were seen
Of human kind and beastly mien
And rocking stones of various kind
In their daily walks would often find.

With rocky soil and wind swept coast
You's hardly think that it could boast
Of giant oaks, and sturdy pines,
And beech, and birch in silver lines,
Of maples four and hemlocks three,
Of poplar, spruce, and walnut tree.
The oriole's nest from elm branch hung,
The robins in the alders sung,
Quails whistled on the lonely hills
And thrushes warbled by the rills.
The ponds aglow with lilies fair
And wild rose fragrance filled the air.
Here, in sixteen hundred and fifty-seven,
Edward Haraden made a permanent haven.

In course of time the hamlet grew
And signs of prosperity often shew.
Its white-sailed ships sought many a clime,
Its fisherman drew their wealth from the brine,
They felled the trees, and tilled the soil,
Old earch repaid them for their toil.
A church they built for they felt the need
Of a hand divine their way to lead,
Their children were sent to the village school
Where practical lessons were taught, as a rule.

Their sons were brave, and their daughters fair,
With other hamlets did well compare,
They lived their lives and have passed away
And children's children bless them today,
Mid the fragrant pines, on the sandy shore,
In all their haunts they loved of yore.
I picture them oft, as I thriad my way
In the various paths of the present day.

The Families of Annisquam

Babson Family.

Isabel Babson of Salem had several grants of land in Gloucester. She died April 6th, 1660, at the age of 84 years. Her son James who came with her was a cooper and had land at Little Good Harbor beach. He died December 21, 1683. He married Elinor Hill in 1647. She died March 14, 1714, aged 83.

They had ten children. Their son John married Dorcas Elwell in 1686. His grandson had two children. William married Martha and had a son William who married Ann Rogers, also twin daughters, Mary and Martha. Mary married Captain Gideon Lane and Martha married Jesse Saville. Their mother lived in the old Davis house on Leonard Street opposite the channel. The timber for the house was cut on the hill where the hotel stands. The twins, I have been told, dug clams from the flats opposite their home and sent them to France as an adventure and bought the silk for their wedding dresses.

The son of William and Ann (Rogers), William, married first Polly Griffin, and second Miss Littlehale. His third wife was a widow, Mrs. Williams. The children of William and Polly were John James, the historian of Gloucester, Edward, a sea captain, William, Mary, Esther and Annette.

Nancy, daughter of William and Ann (Rogers) married Captain Gustavus Griffin and lived in the house on River Road now owned by Mr. Bradbury Huff.

Captain Babson died at McLean Asylum in 1831.

Bragdon Family.

Mr. William Bragdon and wife, Temperance Jacobs, came from Maine in the early years of the last century. Mr. Bragdon, with Nathaniel Duley, bought the Old Castle. Mr. Bragdon was a mason. Both himself and wife were kind friends and neighbors and greatly missed when they passed to the Great Beyond several years ago.

Their daughter Mary Olive married David Dennison, a prominent member of the Universalist church. They lived for many years at the old Dennison homestead and later built a house on Revere Street. Mr. Dennison passed on to the higher life in 1912 at an advanced age, leaving one son, Charles, living in Newton.

Ann Augusta, the widow of Isaac Dennison, lived many years in Peabody. Since the death of her husband she has lived with her sister. Their husbands were brothers. Died February 24-1923.

Josephine married Mr. Stevens of Stoneham. He was in the Civil War and passed away several years ago leaving a daughter who is married and lives in California. Died February 25, 1923.

Arthur married Miss Elizabeth Hodgkins of Riverdale who passed away several years ago leaving a daughter who is teaching in Quincy. Mr. Bragdon is a painter and has taken an active part in nearly all the plays and entertainments that have been given here for many years. ~~Died February 26, 1923.~~

Butler Family.

At one time there were living in the village three brothers, Ignatius, Epes and Walter Butler. Epes Butler built and lived in the house on Chester Square now occupied by Edward Sargent. His family have all passed to the great beyond. Walter Butler lived in the house on Leonard Street now occupied by James Robinson. His son Walter married Mrs. Julia, widow of George Jones. Their daughter Ella married Edward Sargent.

Ignatius Butler married Esther Robinson. Their son Ignatius was a private in the Civil War and passed away while in the army. A son, George, married Martha Perkins and lived in Manchester. He was a cabinet Maker.

Cunningham Family.

Elizabeth Cunningham was a descendant of the first settlers. No one knew to what family she belonged, possibly a relic of the Dogtown settlers.

The old people of the village would tell of the peculiarities of "Betty Kinnecum", the name by which she was known. Once, when called at a funeral as Elizabeth Cunningham she did not recognize her name. A friend said, "That means you, Betty," Later in life I think she lived in chambers near the church. She would often shake her clothes in the hall and when asked what she was doing would reply that she was shaking the fleas downstairs.

Chamberlain Family.

General Chamberlain came to Annisquam in 1868 or 1869. He first lived in a building owned by Mr. Gilbert Davis which stood on land near Major Bent's stable. Later he bought the house now occupied by his daughter, Mrs. Pevear. He bought the old house formerly owned by Mr. Joseph Davis which had been enlarged. He remodelled it and built the stone wall. The house is now owned by Mr. Richardson. Later he bought half of the house now occupied by his daughter, Mrs. Latimer. Both the general and his wife were active, industrious and hospitable and took keen delight in improving their house and grounds, Both passed away a few years since.

Chard Family.

Among the early settlers were brothers David and Stephen Chard. David married Annie Warner and built and lived in the small house on Leonard Street which is the second house from the Old Castle. He was a fisherman and his wife was a social, cheerful woman with a fine voice and was a sweet singer, one whom the young people of that day thoroughly enjoyed, and "Aunt Annie" was always ready to sing to them.

Of the children, David married Mary Ann, daughter of David Lurvey. He was a mason and built and lived in the house next to the Old Castle now occupied by Mrs. Ellen Butler. He died in August, 1870, his wife died several years later.

Harriet married Mr. John Pierce.

Elizabeth married Captain Joseph Day as his second wife. They and their children have crossed the River to the fairer land.

William married Miss Abagail Dade and lived in the house next to his father's which was built by himself and his brother Ezekiel. The children married and lived out of the city. Mr. Chard died in January, 1877, Mrs. Chard, several years later in Saugus at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Abby Griffin, wife of John Griffin, son of Gustavus Griffin. One son of the latter lives in Pittsburg, Pa.

Ezekiel, son of David, married Betsey, daughter of Zacheus Lane, who died in May, 1819, aged 48 years. Mr. Lane died of a singular disease, a post mortem by Doctor Israel B. Hovey showing "that the outlet of the stomach had grown up and become calloused."

Mrs. Chard died in 1889 leaving two daughters. Mr. Chard was the pioneer in bringing the stage line into operation between Annisquam and Gloucester, In early days when one wished to go to the "Harbor" as Gloucester proper was called, they either travelled on foot or were carried in wherries to Wheeler's Point, Captain Riggs or "Done Fudging" near the Boston & Maine railroad bridge. It was a long road to travel before the Goose Cove and Lobster Cove bridges were built. From the point it took one around the church, over Bennett, Pilgrim and Fox Hills to the Green at Riverdale, then following what is now Washington Street, past the old rope walk to Front Street, now Main.

Mr. Chard started the stage line in the '20s of the last century and continued to 1861 when he sold it to Gen. James A. Cunningham.

Mr. Chard was never late to the stage or train. His carriages often broke down or the harness gave out but no one was ever hurt. Repairs were quickly made as he drew from his deep pockets twine, ropes and other things for repairs. "O, I'll get you there. I was never late yet." And he surely was as good as his word. He carried the mail which for many years came only once a week. The first Post Office was at the head of the cove near the church. Later the mail came once a day, the Post Office being in the store of the brothers Ezekiel and William. The stable and store occupied the land where now stand the houses of J. Edward Stanwood and George Viator.

In the store were goods of every variety

from a paper of needles to a barrel of pork or molasses. The store was moved back on Walnut Street and is now the home of Mr. Robert Kerr.

Mr. Chard kept horses to let. I remember "Pearces colt" and "Stephens mare" and old white "Pea Vine" whose perambulations reminded one of a row of pea-sticks after a gale of wind.

Mr. Chard was interested in everything relating to the church, constantly attending, was a member of the choir for many years and at one time was superintendent of the Sunday School. When the yearly exhibitions occurred he kindly gave the use of his carriages to take the children to and from the church. He was among the first members of the Washingtonian Society and a temperance advocate as long as he lived. When the Know-nothings were holding their meetings in Town Hall at the election for governor Mr. Chard was one of the foremost ardent speakers. He "wished the assembly to be so patriotic as to have a star-spangled banner flying from every hair on their heads."

Stephen Chard, brother of David, married first, Nancy Griffin, a descendant of Samuel Griffin and built and lived in the house now owned by Mr. John Stanwood. He carried on business in the fishing and freighting lines. He built a store, the upper part now the house where Mr. Clarence Davis now lives. He had two sons, Stephen and Thomas.

His second wife was Mrs. Sarah Parsons, widow of William Griffin. He committed suicide in the early part of the last century.

Stephen, his son, married a New York lady and lived in his father's house a number of

years and then moved to Chelsea where his wife and three grown sons died a number of years ago. He was buried in the old burying ground.

Thomas married Mary, daughter of Isaack Dennison, and lived in a house that stood on the site of Spruce cottage. Both himself and wife died a number of years ago.

William a mariner, married Caroline Dennen. He was captain of the yacht Tartar, owned by the summer residents of Cambridge Avenue. The children are Betsey A., married Edward Harvey of Riverdale, Caroline, married Charles Harvey of this village, Frank, married Grace Ellis, Fannie, married Benjamin Joslyn of New Hampshire, and Mary, married William Ingersoll of Riverdale.

Mr. Chard died in 1899 and Mrs. Chard in 1905.

Obituary of the wife of Stephen Chard, 1st. on a stone in the old Parish burying ground.

"Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Nancy Chard, wife of Stephen Chard who died Feb. 9th, 1815, aged 38.

To heavenly realms of endless peace
Angels her patient soul has borne
To taste pure joy and endless peace
With Father, Holy Ghost, and Son."

Davis Ancestry.

John Davis, son of James and Mehitable, had, in 1684, three acres of upland between Lobster Cove and Hodgkins Cove and built a house on the side hill near Chester Square.

He served in town offices and was a lieutenant in a military company. He married Ann Haraden.

His son William, born in 1738, was a prisoner two years at Halifax during the Revolution and died in 1814. He married Sally Newman.

George N., a son, married first, Sally Whittridge, daughter of William Whittridge. They lived in the large house on Leonard Street, opposite the channel. She died in 1841 leaving a family of five sons and three daughters.

He married second, Rachel Whittridge, a niece of his wife. She lived but a short time. When buried, as her disease was peculiar, a large stone the size of the grave was taken from the ledge on Walnut Street and placed upon the casket, for fear of the removal of the body as it was considered a common occurrence at the old burying ground. He married third, Miss Betsey Allen of Gloucester who survived him. He was found dead in a boat at his wharf in September, 1849.

Mr. Davis carried on the fishing business at his wharf where Major Bent's stable stands and built several vessels, one named "Village". He was representative to the legislature one year.

On a stone in the old burying ground: "In memory of Sally W., wife of George Davis, died Dec. 17, 1841.

Come dear companion of my youth
And view this humble stone
Which calls to mind the solemn truth
That we were once but one."

George, son of George N., died August 6, 1887, aged 91 years. At that time he was the oldest person in the village. He was the last of his brothers and sisters. He was a kind friend and good neighbor, faithful in his work as ship carpenter and could also claim to be a Cape Ann fisherman. He could vividly recall the incidents of a fishing trip made more than three score years before his death. The trip was in the topsail schooner Mary Elizabeth. His father was captain and a younger brother, Robert, was one of the crew with ten others, all from this village. She went to the Grand Banks and met with memorable success. She sailed April 1st and was absent three months. When homeward bound she was so deeply loaded that water stood on her deck. She was kept light by pumping out the pickle and landed her large fare at Fresh Water Cove, 17,000 fish in number, probably the largest fare ever landed on Cape Ann at that time. Halibut were plenty and they saved only the fins and napes. Only one haddock was taken and that in a halibut's mouth.

Robert, son of George N., married Elizabeth, grand daughter of Parson Bradstreet, and built and lived for a number of years in the house on Leonard Street now owned by his granddaughter, Mrs. Howard Haskell, of Gloucester. He later removed to Gloucester with his family and died in 1881 leaving five daughters and three sons.

Andrew, sone of George N., was a ship carpenter by trade but followed the sea as mate for a number of years. He built and lived in the house now owned by Miss Helen Davis. He married Miss Wheeler of Wheeler's Point and moved to Boston in the '40s of the last century. Both himself and wife and children passed to a higher life many years ago.

Eben, son of George N., married a Miss Dennis and lived in his father's house. He later moved to Gloucester. A daughter, Marietta, survives.

Sally, a daughter of George N., married Mr. Charles Wheeler, keeper of the lights at Thatcher's Island. She was his third wife.

Charlotte, a daughter of George N., married Daniel Lurvey. A son, Daniel, enlisted in the army and died at Newburne in 1862. He was buried at Mt. Adnah. A daughter, Charlotte, married Asa Woodbury of Folly Cove. Their son Daniel is a member of the Annisquam Yacht Club, and has a summer residence at Nashua Avenue.

Albert, son of George Junior, married Mrs. Margaret Lane. He was a ship carpenter and later tended the ferry for a number of years.

Gilbert, son of George, Junior, was also a ship carpenter, married Miss Abbie Story of Pigeon Cove and lived in the house now owned by his daughter, Miss Helen Davis.

All the members of George N.'s family have been prominent and active in the Universalist church and in the welfare of the village.

Epes Davis, son of William and Sally (Newman), married his cousin Nancy, daughter of Joseph Davis, all residents of Annisquam. He was a ship carpenter by trade and carried on the fishing and ship building business, with a fitting out store near where Mr. Hardwick's houses stand, not far from the entrance to the house. His first wife died in the '20s of the last century leaving six sons and five daughters. All lived to grow up and all married excepting two daughters who lived to over seventy years unmarried.

He married second, Judith Robinson, who lived but a few years. His third wife was Mrs. Sarah Elwell who had three young sons. Two daughters were born, one, Sarah, a bright, interesting child, born in 1832, died in 1836. He built more than fifty vessels.

From "Pleasant Waters", written by Judge Davis, son of Epes.

"The builder of a hundred ships
Not large, but graceful, fleet and stanch
The brave and faithful Captain Epes
The hundreth one today does launch.
And well the master's pride may feel
So soon his finished work to greet
Four weeks ago he laid her keel
Now on the stocks she stands complete.

With oak frame from the Merrimac
Oak planks from the Piscataqua
Knees of the hardy hackmatack
Brought from far off Acadia,
And plank of white pine for the deck
From logs that on Ogumcut grew
On chance beside the Kennebeck
Are moulded by the master true.

And now 'tis Freedom's hallowed day
And busy hands since early light
Have worked the launching ways to lay
Before the tide should reach its height
Because the master had declared
The name should "Independence" be
If by good fortune it so fared
That she, this day, should reach the sea.

This work complete on either side
Slopes down a narrow slippery plane
And down these tallowy paths to slide
While they the heavy hull sustain
The bilge ways lie in place, with rows

Of wedges waiting to be driven
By ready hands with rapid blows
Of tapnauls when the word is given.
The villagers from far and near
Gather around the launch to view
High raised o'er bows and stern appear
The streaming stripes and starry blue.

And now we see the master stand
Watching the tide wave upward creep
Anon he turns and waves his hand
When suddenly the hammers leapt
Like living things beneath her floors
And loud resounding blows are heard
Driving the wedges till the shores
And blocks are loosened, when the word
Is given to hold, and quickly blocks
And spurs and shores are cleared away.
Then, at a word, a deft blow knocks
From either side the holding stay.
She's free! stand clear! she starts, she creeps,
She moves, she speeds, adown she glides
And from the wharf-side grandly leaps
And proudly on the bright waves rides.

Firm at his post stands Captain Jack
And thrice in air the bottle swings
Above his head, then with a thwack
Adown the bottle deftly flings,
Dashing the knight-heads, and shouts he,
'The Independence is her name,
'The Independence it shall be'
With one voice, all the men proclaim.

Martha, a daughter of Epes, married Mr. David Day, a son of George Day. They had a large family of sons and daughters who have, with themselves, passed to the "Land Immortal", except the youngest son, Mr. Fred Day, a strong follower of Mother Eddy, living in the west. Mr. Day built and lived in the house on Lane Road now owned as a summer residence by Mr. Fred Simpson of Newton. Mr. Day moved

with his family to Charlestown in the early '60s.

William, son of Epes, was a sea-captain and married Emily, daughter of Captain Gideon Lane, 2nd. He built and lived in the house on Leonard Street now occupied by his grandson.

Mrs. Davis died August 16, 1870. Mr. Davis died in 1890. Their three sons passed away several years ago. Two of the were unmarried.

Epes, eldest son of Elder Epes, married Miss Mary Griffin and had five sons and one daughter. He was a ship carpenter and built many vessels on the wharf near the bridge, now owned by his heirs. The last one he built was the "John Bright" in 1866. Others he built were Genevieve, Ianthe, Bernice, Cottage Girl, Flying Cloud, Elizabeth Ann, Gem, Lexington and Massachusetts.

He was a republican in politics and a member of the legislature in 1875. His wife died in 1849. In 1851 he married Miss Hannah Procter, sister of Rev. Peter Coffin, pastor of the Annisquam Universalist church. He took an active interest in all matters that related to the public good and was one of the old residents who in bygone days did much to make the village a prosperous one.

He died in August, 1887, aged 84. His wife died in April, 1912. His son, William G. Davis, married Alice Wood Jewett, daughter of Isaiah and Martha (Saville) Jewett, on December 10, 1856. A son and daughter are married and are not now residents of this village. Mr. Davis is a carpenter and worked at ship building for a number of years. An honest, upright man, a kind friend and neighbor. Mr. and Mrs. Davis are now the oldest couple living in the village. Both are over 80.

Sebastian, son of Epes, married first, Miss

Margaret Lane, daughter of Jonathan and Sally Lane. She died in 1857. He married second, Louise Norwood of Rockport who died in 1910, leaving two daughters, Jennie, who married Mr. Harris Cann and lives in Marlboro and Louise, living with her father.

Elias Davis, son of Epes 1st, married Miss Dorcas Griffin in 1831. A ship carpenter by trade and built a number of vessels, one the Abby M. Swasey, a fine schooner, in the early '70s. The mast was struck by lightning while she was lying at the lower point wharf near Major Bent's place. He built and lived in the house on Arlington Street now owned by the Clark family as a summer residence. The house was built in 1835.

Their children, four sons and four daughters, all were married and all but one son, Oliver, have passed on to that country from which there is no return. Mr. Davis died in May, 1886 and his wife in 1893. Both Mr. Davis and wife were active, industrious and hospitable, the best of friends and neighbors and greatly missed in the village.

Dorcas, their eldest daughter, born in 1832, married Theodore Parsons, son of Nathaniel and Susan Parsons. He was a music-teacher and gave piano lessons to a number of pupils in this village. He played the violin and for a number of years the yound people "tripped the light fantastic toe" to his music. He was a model teacher as his patience was never exhausted. He was always smiling and cheerful. His family lived many years in the house now owned by the heirs of Professor Hyatt. His wife died in October, 1860. He died while crossing a field, on his way to tune a piano at East Gloucester in 1894 or '95.

Elias, son of Elias and Dorcas, married Caroline Eldredge of East Boston. He was a carpenter by trade and built and lived in the house

now owned by Mr. George Wilkinson. A daughter, Hattie, and a son, Roscoe, are married and not living in this village. Mr. Davis died in February, 1908, and his wife in 1914, both of their deaths occurring at the home of their daughter, Mrs. William Emerson, in Providence.

Perynthia married John D. Davis, a son of Robert Davis. He was Postmaster for a number of years and owned the hall and had a dining room and grocery store. Both he and his family were interested in the parish and Sunday School, of which he was superintendent for several years, and always ready to do their part in entertainments and social gatherings. They had two daughters, Myrtie P., wife of Daniel Irwin and Nellie, wife of Herbert Bennett of Chelsea. The former died several years ago. Mr. Davis lived in the house at the corner of Leonard and Bridgewater Streets now owned by his daughter Nellie. He died October, 1900 and his wife in April, 1910.

Otis was a carpenter and built, beside other houses, the house and stable of Dr. Adams on the hill. He married Lydia Parsons of Rockport and had two sons and one daughter. Melvin married and lives in Rockport. Clarence married and lives in this village and has the fish-market on Leonard Street. The daughter, May, has been organist of the church for twenty-eight years. Mr. Davis died in July, 1905, and Mrs. Davis in September, 1895.

Fred, the youngest son, married Miss Bertha A. Dennison. He was a painter by trade. He died of consumption in 1888. A young son, Fred, died a few years later. His widow married Mr. Burt Emerson as his

husband
second wife. Both were prominent members of the parish and were greatly missed when they moved to Chelmsford, Mass.

Oliver married Mary Hodgkins of Riverdale and has lived in that village since his marriage. He had two sons, Charles, now living in Riverdale, and Burt who was killed by touching a live wire at East Gloucester while employed by the Street Railway Company.

Elinor married David Chard, son of William and Abigail, and had three daughters, Annie Warner, who died in California several years ago, Nella and Madeline. She died in 1886.

Clara was born in February, 1843. She married in July, 1869, Rev. Frederic Benton, pastor of the Annisquam Universalist church. In 1870 they moved to Middleton, Ohio, where their young daughter left them for a fairer home in 1871. They later moved to Benton, Iowa, where their son Herbert was born. He is now pastor of the Second Universalist church in Lowell. Mr. Benton died in Benton in 1876. Mrs. Benton was a graduate of the Gloucester High school and taught school before her marriage. After Mr. Benton's death she taught in Riverdale, and Lanesville and at the time of her death was principal of the Leonard school, which position she had held for 26 years. She was the devoted superintendent of the Sunday School for 23 years, and secretary and treasurer of the Sewing Circle for more than 30 years. She was also clerk of the parish, an active member of the Sunshine Society, and an efficient member of the Reading Circle for many years. She was a faithful daughter, sister, wife, and mother, a kind and pleasant neighbor and a loyal, steadfast friend.

"Now death has moulded into calm completeness
the stature of her life."
"God calls our loved ones, but we lose not
wholly
That he hath given.
They live on earth, in thought and deed as
truly
As in His heaven."

James Davis, son of Elder Epes Davis, married Joanna Wonson of East Gloucester, December 14, 1836. Seven children all passed to the higher life before them. When young he worked with his father in the shipyard. He later removed to Gloucester and was an active member of the Independent Christian church (Universalist). He was judge of the police court for a number of years. He died in 1896.

From the Gloucester Daily Times.

"Judge Davis was universally respected and looked up to. His judgments were always sought on matters of importance. He worte several poems and "Pleasant Waters". His love of Annisquam.

From "Pleasant Waters".

"And if at last it might be given
When closed my eyes on scenes so fair
To find the counterpart in heaven
With all the bloom and freshness there
And all decay and death left out.
I would not ask a better shore
On which above all pain and doubt
To live and love forevermore."

John, son of Elder Epes Davis, married Clara Woodbury. Only one of a large family survived them. He was in business with his father, keeping the store. He built and

lived in the house on River Road now owned by the heirs of Major Brent. It is opposite the channel. He was clerk for Mr. Gustavus Griffin a number of years. Later in life he and his wife went to live with his son Cassander at Riverdale. He served as clerk of the parish and was a constant member of the church. Mr. and Mrs. Davis passed away at Riverdale many years ago and are buried with their family at Mt. Adnah.

Addison, son of Elder Epes Davis, married and lived in Lynn where he practiced as a dentist. He passed his summers here and died here in 1889 leaving a son Edgar now living in Lynn. He was twice married and both wives died in Lynn. The son is unmarried.

A Deacon Davis lived in the old Ricker house. He was the first person carried in the parish hearse. One of his daughters married, I think, David Griffin, and has sons David and Davis, and daughters Nancy, Judith and Mary. Mary married a Mr. Tucker of Riverdale. The son, Davis, who died in 1892 was the last of the family residing here.

Mr. Oliver Davis, a cousin of Elder Epes, married a Miss Haskell of Rockport, I think, and lived in an old-time house that stood behind the house now occupied by Clarence Davis. His son Benjamin married Ann, daughter of Captain Sam Riggs, and built and lived in the house opposite her father. Joseph never married. Charles married Henrietta, daughter of Nathaniel and Abigail Duley. They passed to the Great Beyond a number of years ago leaving one daughter, Laura, who died in Gloucester in 1918.

Judith married a Mr. Bradley of Rockport. A daughter, Ella, lives in Gloucester.

George Davis, 3rd, married Edith Huff of Maine in 1851. He built and lived in the house that stands on the corner of Leonard Street and Cambridge Avenue. His daughter, Georgianna, married Frank Brown of Riverdale who died in 1907, leaving one daughter, Alberta, living with her mother on Arlington Street. A son, Almon, married Edith Ingersoll of Riverdale and lives in his father's house. Their one son, Harold, married Katherine McKenney of Cape Porpoise, Maine, and lives in the house of his Uncle Albert on Leonard Street. Their one son, George Albert, is the fourth to bear the name in six generations. Mrs. Brown died in 1977, a daughter married lives in Maine. The house is now the summer home of Miss Pray.

Jospeh Davis, brother of George N., married Sarah, daughter of Ambrose Jones, for a first wife. He lived in the house on River Road now owned by Mr. Richardson. It was very deaf. His second wife was a Mrs. Pulcifer of Riverdale. His first wife left sons Joseph, Reuben, and Fitz. Joseph married Susanna Woodbury of Folly Cove. Reuben married a Miss Griffin and lived in Lowell. Fitz Married Mary, daughter of Epes Butler, and moved to Gloucester.

Both of Mr. Davis' wives died a number of years before him. He died in October, 1872. None of his descendants are now living here.

Day Family.

James Day, a descendant of Anthony Day, married Elizabeth, daughter of Parson Bradstreet. He had sons William, Bradstreet, and George. William had two wives. The children of the first wife were William, Joseph, Elizabeth and Dorcas. His second wife was Clara Griffin by whom he had Albert, James, Jerome, Andrew, Stella and Sarah. Mr. Day built vessels in his yard, now the garden of Mr. Partridge, and rolled them down the hill to the cove. He built several in the lane that leads to the cove below Mt. Adnah. He was a fine-looking man, of commanding presence. When he came up the aisle of the chuch with his gold-headed cane and, with his sons, filed into the pew, as a child I thought he was a patriarch of old. He died in the '40s of the last century. His house is the Partridge residence. It was purchased of Mr. Day by Dr. Bacon and remodeled and was later sold to Dr. J. F. Dyer.

Bradstreet, son of James, married Betsey Fellows and lived in the house next to the Partridge house, on the road to Nashua Avenue. One son, Elbridge married his cousin, Joanna Chapman, for a first wife. Both were active and prominent members of the church society and interested in all good work in the village. He was the first Postmaster of this village and was also superintendant of the Sunday School. Mrs. Day died in 1858. His second wife was another cousin, Stella Day. All have entered a higher life.

William, son of William 1st, married Stella, daughter of Parson Leonard. They had one daughter, Octavia. His second wife

was Phoebe Woodbury, daughter of Asa Woodbury. They lived in Portsmouth, N. H.. All have entered the high life.

Joseph, son of William 1st, married first, Augusta, Daughter of Parson Leonard. He was a mariner and lived at Portsmouth, N. H., but later removed to Annisquam. He afterward married Elizabeth, daughter of David Chard. He lived in the house now owned by Mr. John Stanwood. He has no descendant living in this village. Elizabeth married Robert Davis, were residents of this village but later removed to Gloucester. She died in Gloucester and was buried at Mr. Adnah.

George, son of James, married Judith Phipps and was the first keeper of the Annisquam Light. He held the position until 1850. I think the light first cast its rays on Ipswich Bay in October, 1801. The first house for the keeper was a story and a half. It was moved and the present one built in 1850. The present lighthouse was built in 1900. I think Mr. Daniel Dade succeeded Mr. Day, then, in order, Mr. Dominicus Pool, Mr. Nathaniel Parsons, Mr. Octavus Phipps, Mr. Moore, Mr. Dennison Hooper and the present keeper, Mr. John Davis.

Mr. Day's daughter Judith married Timothy Dennis, son of Moses who was for several years the sexton of the chuch. They lived in Dennis Court. Sophia married Oliver Sargent and lived in the house now owned by William Jewett. The family later removed to Chelsea.

Betsey, daughter of James, never married and lived in the house at the corner of Washington, and Leonard Streets. She

kept a few articles to sell in a front room of the house and the delight of the children was a few cents to spend at Aunt Betty's for sticks of colored candy, and small peppermints dropped on white paper.

Sometimes Aunt Betty went to church. She had no sympathy with some of the styles of the '50s. One Sunday two ladies came to church in bloomers. One of the ladies she had known from childhood and when they were leaving the church she stopped them in the aisle, and taking one by the shoulders said, "Ar'nt you ashamed to be seen in such a rig at church!" What would your father and mother have said?" Her father was a strict, stanch Baptist.

James, son of William 1st, married Clara, daughter of Epes Griffin and built the house on Leonard Street now occupied by his son, William Day, as a summer residence.

Sarah, daughter of William and Clara Day married John Langsford. Both passed away a number of years ago. One son, Frank Langsford, lives on Leonard Street, not far from the chuch.

Dennis Family.

Mr. Moses Dennis lived near the church and had sons Moses and William. Moses' son Timothy married Judith Day, daughter of George Day, keeper of the lighthouse. Mr. Dennis was sexton of the church for a number of years. He and his wife both passed away several years ago leaving a daughter who married and lived in Lynn.

William married first, Mary, a daughter of James Day. She died young leaving two sons, William and George and two daughters Elizabeth and Charity. The latter afterward changed her name to Mary Francis. Mr. Dennis married second, Eliza Whitridge, widow of William Clark, and had sons, Alpheus, Howard and Ora.

Mrs. Dennis, after her husband's death, was the village nurse for many years, faithful in all her duties and was greatly missed when she died in June, 1883.

William 2nd married first, Emily, daughter of Captain Epes Griffin, who lived but a few years and died, leaving a daughter Emily who married Calvin Sargent and is now a widow. His second wife was Lucy Griffin, sister of his first wife. A daughter, Lucy, married Burton Fernald and died in June, 1878. Mr. Dennis died in 1864. He lived on Leonard Street in the house now occupied by his son William who married Grace, daughter of Ezra Eames, of Pigeon Cove. Mrs. Dennis died in 1885.

Mr. Dennis and his father were prominent in the village and in church matters. William Dennis 2nd was a mariner and for several years carried sand in the schooner

"Betsey" and landed it in Boston where the public garden now is. One autumn, with his brother-in-law, while coming from Boston a gale of wind blew them off the coast. For several days their friends thought them lost at sea. Each day their friends would watch for hours from the "Lookout" (where Mr. Hight's house now stands). On the fifth day a shout of joy arose when the old "Betsey" greeted their eyes. The "Lookout" should have been made a public park. For generations the villagers had watched there in fine and foul weather for friends returning from their voyages.

Mr. William Dennis 2nd and Mr. George Norwood carried on the fishing business. Their store was on the corner of the wharf on River Road near the "Barnacle". Later they removed to a store on Lane's wharf. Mr. Bradbury Huff bought the store and moved it to Washington Street, beyond the mills, and built "Hazel" cottage from it.

Mr. Dennis owned the last vessel built here, a fine schooner, "John Bright", launched in April, 1866.

Dennison Family.

George Dennison first appears at his marriage on January 14, 1776, to Abigail Haraden. He is said to have built the house on River Road, now owned by Miss Edith Lane. He died March 14, 1748, aged 48.

A son Isaac died in April, 1811, aged 79, leaving two sons, Isaac and James. Isaac was a soldier in the Revolution and died June 21, 1841, aged 80. He lived in the old house that stands on land reached by Revere Street. A lovely spot, a favorite place for picnics, famous for its spring of water and fine gove of pine trees.

Families living in the village used to take their visiting friends to drink from the spring for those who once drink never forsake the place.

Mr. Dennison's daughter Mary married Mr. Thomas Chard, grandfather of Frank Chard and Mrs. Bessie Harvey. His daughter Rhoda married Noah Griffin father of the late Bennett Griffin.

His son Jonathan married Miss Susan Fellows. Jonathan's son Jonathan married Miss Adeline, daughter of David Story. Their daughters are Mrs. Burt Emerson, Mrs. George Harvey and Mrs. Susan Clark. A son, William Augustus, lives in Reading.

James, son of Isaac 1st, lived on Dennison Street on the farm now owned by Mr. Hight. His son James married Mrs. Mary A. Kerr, daughter of Charles Norwood who once owned the Sensenig place. Their

daughter, Miss Carrie Dennison, a teacher in the Leonard school, is the only representative of the family living here. Miss Dennison's father had a memorandum of his father's, an old bill for services in hauling stone for the foundation of the first lighthouse on Wigwam Point. No extravagant wages in those days. He charges only one dollar for himself and $2.60 with a team. It reads, "Oct. 26, 1800. Lighthouse raised today and it is raining." He also had a paper yellow with age containing the names of the scholars in the Third Parish public school. Term commencing October 25, 1791, seventy scholars, all males except seven girls, Polly and Rachel Higgins, Lucy and Sally Davis, Polly Griffin, Nabby Lane and Charity Woodbury. No one living remembers them or to what families they belonged.

Fellows Family.

Jonathan Fellows was an early settler of Annisquam, coming from Ipswich in 1740. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Caleb Norwood. He died June 30, 1759.

A son, Cornelius, moved out of town in 1774.

Nathaniel and Gustavus were distinguished merchants in Boston.

Nathan, a descendant of Jonathan, born in Ipswich, was a prominent citizen of Annisquam. He bought and carried on the quarries near the beach and the land known as Adams Road with were formerly cow rights, owned by a number of the villagers. Mr. grandfather owned five-eights and my father pastured his cow there for years.

Mr. Fellows had four sisters, married, in the village and two maiden sisters who published the Orphan's Advocate in Boston for a number of years and were among the first to found the orphan asylum there. In the 30s of the last century both taught school in the village. Eunice taught young ladies and Anstice taught little children in a front room in Mr. Pulcifer's house. The children went at nine o'clock and were dismissed at two, carrying their lunches. Her dinner time was at 12 o'clock and she sat the children up to the table with their lunches. The first day I attended my basket was void of lunch. She hung my basket on the arm of the chair in which she sat me and I had eaten it bit by bit, having nothing else to do. She gave me some of her Indian dumplings with gravy. I was then three years old. Both sisters died at an advanced

age and were buried in the family lot at Ipswich.

Mr. Fellows lived alone a number of years in the house now owned by Mr. Oliver Williams and used as a summer residence. He worked alone on the quarry. He was very happy in his belief as a spiritualist that his friends were ever about him.

On moonlight evenings in summer time we would visit him. He was always pleased to see young people and would advise them to their good. Asking him one evening if he was not lonesome, having no neighbors, he replied, "No, Julia is often sitting with me on the rock". I have been told that Julia was a young lady to whom he was engaged. Being lost in the woods one night she took cold and in a few months died in consumption.

In the autumn of 1888 he had a presentiment that he was to die in a few weeks. He called one morning to leave with me money for the Soldier's Home at Chelsea in which he was greatly interested. He said, "I give you this because the Good Father is soon to call me home." I said, "Why Mr. Fellows, you look perfectly well and seem as strong as ever." "I cannot help that", he said. "I know that it will be so".

Just a week from that day he called again and gave me another ten dollars for the Home, saying, "I have no further use for it for this is my last week", and he bid me good-bye. Three days later he was killed by falling through the bridge over Lobster Cove which was being repaired at the time. It was in October, 1888. He was living at the time in the house on the other side of the bridge

now owned by Webster Sylvester which he had bought a few years before. He was buried in Ipswich.

Fernald Family.

Mr. Charles Fernald of New Hampshire came to Annisquam in the early 30s of the last century. He married Abigail, daughter of Mr. Nathaniel Duley and built and lived in the house on Leonard Street now owned by Mrs. Chapple who has remodelled it. Their daughter Octavia passed away in the early 50s of the last century, aged 15.

A son, Austen, married Mary of Medford. They lived in Annisquam for a great many years, afterward moving to East Boston where he died several years ago, leaving a son, Edgar, and a daughter, Mrs. Ada Smith, both living out of town.

Burton married Lucy, daughter of William and Lucy Dennis, and lived in her father's house. She died in June, 1878. Mr. Fernald lives in East Boston.

In the early 70s of the last century the families of Charles W. Foster and Charles Webber settled here. Mr. Foster died in 1913. His widow with a son Pearle and daughter, Edna, live in the house at the corner of Washington and Revere Streets. Mr. Webber died several years ago leaving a daughter, Annable, widow of Benjamin Haskell and a son James who married Harriet, daughter of James Morrow, the first letter carrier in Annisquam. They have a son, James Morrow Webber.

The families of Kerr, Geary and Chapple have added active members to the parish and to the social life of the village.

Goings Family.

Mr. Adison Goings, son of William and Sally Story Goings, was born in Burke, Vermont, in the early part of the last century. He came to Annisquam in the early 30s of the last centruy, married Miss Mary Elwell in October, 1844, and lived in the house on Union Court now occupied by his daughter, Mrs. Adeline, widow of Gustavus Griffin. Their son Lester died in 1911. A daughter, Addie, married Mr. McClellan and died a number of years ago, leaving a daughter, Edith, who married George Osgood of Peabody. They have one son.

Clarissa married Wallace Hayden of Lanesville and has one daughter, Clara, a teacher in the Lane School at Lanesville.

Annie married Oliver Griffin. She is now a widow and is living in Lanesville.

John married Sarah Betts and is a carpenter, living in Gloucester. They have one daughter, Grace, a milliner.

Griffin Family.

Humphrey Griffin lived in Ipswich, being one of the early settlers. He was there in 1641 and died in 1660. Samuel, a grandson, had four acres of land on the east of the way leading from Lobster Cove to Pigeon Cove and two acres near Benjamin York's land where he built a house and he was living there in 1707. He married Elizabeth York December 15, 1703. Elizabeth was the daughter of Samuel York who bought of Timothy Somes 18 acres of land in 1700. The land had the sea on the north and Lobster Cove on the south. He had sons, Samuel, Adoniram and Daniel, and also daughters.

Mr. Griffin was an architect and built all the large houses in the country. I have been told that he was the only man in town that kept a horse and carriage. He had land at Davis Neck and his house stood in a field leading from what is now Dennis Court and close to the house now owned by the Dennis heirs. It was a quaint two-story house with gambrel roof and a large circular chimney. The bricks were said to have been brought from England.

The rooms were low-studded, with fine carved cornice and a handsome stairway. It was torn down in 1852 or 1853.

Samuel Griffin 2nd, married Mary Goss about 1736. They were taken into the Annisquam church March 30, 1737. He died June 15, 1781. He was a useful citizen and a deacon of the church for many years, also its clerk. His first wife died September 10, 1767, aged 51.

On a slate stone in the old burying ground is the following:

"Here lies interred Mrs. Mary Goss
The wife of Samuel Griffin, Jun. who
died Sept. 10th 1767 age 51.

Come mortal man
And cast an eye
And read thy doom
Prepare to die"

Mary Goss was the daughter of Thomas Goss. Her brother Thomas married Mary Tarr of Sandy Bay in 1751.

Mary Goss left a family of ten children. They were Jonathan, Oliver, Isaiah, James, Andrew, Esther, Mary, Abigail, Susannah and Judith.

Of the children of Samuel 2nd and Mary Goss a daughter died of smallpox and was buried in a field back of the Dennis property with a child of Parson Obadiah Parsons, not allowed burial in the burying ground.

Esther married Francis Lane February 25, 1777, and lived in Freeport, Maine. Their grandson, Samuel Richards, a jeweler at South Paris, Maine, is interested in the genealogy of the family. Mrs. Lane sacrificed her life in the cause of humanity in assisting in the care of a neighbor who was sick with yellow fever. The neighbor recovered. She was taken sick and died in 1799.

Francis Lane was the son of Mark Lane whose house stood at the entrance of the Col. French estate on Washington Street, not far from the church. It was torn down a number of years ago.

Francis Lane, before moving to Maine, lived in the house on Revere Street now occupied by Ambrose Jones. It has been remodelled.

Susanna married York Jones. Of their children, a son York had a daughter Mary who married Mr. Langsford and lived at Lanesville. She died in 1886, age 82. She remembered the times before the stage lines to Gloucester when only two horses were owned in the town on this side of the Cape. At one time she took passage in a "sandie" that was going through the cut. When arriving there the tide was turning. The crew of two men tried to work the boat through but they were losing ground when she said, "Let me pull." She pulled with such will and vigor that the boat went through. In her later days she owned a buggy and white horse and would often be seen taking invalids or her friends to ride or doing errands for her neighbors.

Betsey, daughter of York Jones, married Mr. Reuben Patch who built and owned the house now occupied by Charles E. Cunningham, the Postmaster. After the death of Mr. Patch, Mrs. Patch nursed in the village many years, and often, in her early days, walked in her sleep.

She told me that once she arose when taking care of a neighbor and built a fire in the fireplace. She went to the cellar for more wood and the wood-pile fell over, knocking the candle from her hand, and she awakened to find herself in darkness in the cellar.

She was an unassuming person, very sympathetic, and held in high esteem by all who knew her. She died in April, 1855.

Rhoda married Moses Clough, a Virginian, and lived in Chester Square. Their house was moved to give place to that of her son Moses whose house stands on the corner of Leonard Street and Chester Square and is now owned by summer residents. Mrs. Clough died in Nov-

ember, 1866. There are no descendants living here.

Elizabeth, daughter of York Jones Jr., married Mr. Nathaniel Duley. He was a descendant of James Griffin, son of Samuel 2nd. Mr. Duley built and lived in the house on Leonard Street now owned by Mrs. George E. Lane and occupied by Daniel Robinson. Mrs. Duley is remembered by the older residents as a pleasant companion, a kind friend and a good naighbor. Two daughters living in Gloucester are Misses Elizabeth and Sarah Duley. The latter is a ready writer whose short stories of old times in the village make interesting reading.

The following is a singular incident in connection with Mr. Duley. Mr. George Harvey, a nephew of his, living in Gloucester, was at a Republican caucus one evening and much interested in the proceedings. Just before nine o'clock it was forcibly impressed on his mind to start for home. He did not wish to leave but the impression became so strong and urged him to go at once that he left. Upon reaching the corner of Procter Street he met Mr. Duley and asked him where he was going at that late hour and in such a heavy rain. Mr. Duley replied that he was going to the wharf to look after his vessel. Mr. Harvey volunteered to go with him and by doing so assisted in securing prompt assistance when Mr. Duley fell in the water, and was the direct means of saving his life.

Some claim that it was a divine interposition, others that spiritual friends of Mr. Duley acted directly upon Mr. Harvey who might have been more or less mediumistic."

From Gloucester Advertiser

Oliver Griffin, son of Samuel and Mary (Goss), married Mary, daughter of Richard and Patience

York married a Thompson and lived in a house that stood below the church and just above Lane Road. It was torn down early in the 18th century.

Oliver Griffin and his wife were active members of the church and he was at one time clerk of the parish. His wife was interested in Parson Murray's doctrine and held long debates with Parson Leonard and was instrumental in his change of faith. She said she gave him "Ballou on the Atonement" to read and finished it. Mr. Griffin carried on the fishing business at Davis Neck which is now owned by the heirs of General Butler. He died in June, 1815, aged 76. She died in June, 1821.

Oliver was killed November 25, 1779, in an engagement at sea, by a musket ball from an English privateer. He was on board the "Gen. Mercer" on cruise forty leagues from Bilboa on the Spanish coast, Captain James Babson, commander. He was the only one killed. His age was 15. The enemy had seven killed and 15 wounded.

Gustavus, son of Oliver and Mary (York), married Nancy, daughter of Captain William Babson, and had two daughters, Mary Ann and Dorcas who were the first and second wives of Mr. John Osgood of West Newbury. Catherine married Mr. Brown of West Newbury. A son, Gustavus, died young.

On a stone in the old cemetery is the following:- Here lies interred Gustavus, son of Gustavus and Nancy Griffin who slept in Jesus September 8, 1802, aged 1 year, 4 months, 27 days.

"Sleep, earthly part, and be at rest,
My soul is with its Saviour blest,
An emblemn of my heavenly charms
When Jesus clasped me to his arms."

Captain Griffin was a man of means, at one time lived in the Old Castle and later lived in the house on River Road now owned by Bradbury Huff and occupied by Mr. Geary.

Captain Griffin's death was a loss to the village. He was prominent in its affairs, just and upright and called a very handsome man. His funeral was largely attended and a long line of relatives and friends walked in procession, following the bier to the old cemetery. There was no hearse at that time. The following is on the stone that marks his grave.

"In memory of Captain Gustavus Griffin who died Feb. 10th, 1807 aged 36 yrs.

Stop Reader where the hillock made
For underneath much worth is laid,
All hearts bewailed the sudden doom
When earth received him to the tomb
Then learn the truth while here you read
Among the ruins of the dead
Some turf ere long thy bed shall be
While others moralize on thee."

Epes, son of Oliver, married first, Judith Woodbury. His sons, Epes and Oliver, were lost at sea when young men. His second wife was Lucy Pearce, daughter of Andrew Pearce, an early resident who lived in what is now the Ricker house near the church. They later moved to Dover, N. H.

Mrs. Griffin died April 27, 1823, leaving five daughters and one son. A few years after her death Mr. Griffin sailed for one of the West Indies and was never heard from. He was a man set in his ways and had his own ideas of dress and fashion. On the death of his wife he would have no band of crepe on his hat but had a large black tassel hanging from one side.

His daughter Esther married Leander Huff of Cape Propoise, Maine. He became a resident of Annisquam at the time of the ship building. He was a fine carpenter and energetic and industrious. Of a large family but one son is living in the village, Bradbury Huff, of River Road.

Mr. Huff's second wife was his wife's cousin, Louisa Ham. She died October 20, 1910, leaving one son, Charles, of New York. Mrs. Esther Huff died in January, 1868. Mr. Huff died in January, 1893.

Eliphalet, son of Oliver, married Jane Griffin and died in 1813 at Vineyard Sound while on his way from the south. His son Eliphalet married and lived at Dover, N. H. He was a convert of Miller, Second Adventist, and prepared, I have been told, with his family, for the Miller ascension.

Of the children of Eliphalet 1st, son of Oliver and Mary, Thomas married Miss Sarah Parsons Griffin, December 24, 1825. He was a mariner and was a prominent man in the village at that time. Mr. Griffin built and lived in the house on Union Court on land formerly owned by Reuben Patch. At one time he served as committee of this district school.

Both himself and wife were earnest workers for the good of the society and were very hospitable. His son Willard was the only one of his children who made this village his permanent home. He was a frugal, industrious and active business man. He was the village blacksmith for a number of years and later carried on the coal business. He founded the Griffin Coal Company of Gloucester, now carried on by his sons, Willard and Frank Griffin.

Mr. Griffin bought the cottage built by Casander Davis on Arlington Street in 1866, moved it across to River Road and fitted it with modern conveniences. In April, 1857, he married Miss Marilla Gunnison, daughter of Rev. N. Gunnison, the pastor then settled here.

Both Mr. Griffin and his wife were interested in all church and social affairs. He was a modest, unassuming man and his pride was in his home and family. A fond and devoted husband, a kind and indulgent father, a faithful friend; he made a hospitable home where everyone enjoyed the cheerful, quaint repartee and witty remarks of the couple.

Mrs. Griffin was a pleasing writer of short stores and for a number of years was the local correspondent of the Cape Ann Breeze. She died in October, 1901. Mr. Griffin died December 1, 1910. The children resident in this village are Mrs. Annie G. Jewett, Mrs. Charles E. Cunningham, Mrs. W. Howard Poland Jr. A daughter Martha married Mr. Herbert Rawson of Boston and Arlington.

Gustavus Griffin, son of Eliphalet, married Laura, daughter of Thomas Saville, January 1, 1832. He built and lived in the house on Leonard Street opposite the Harvey stable. He was a prominent business man for many years, owned a number of fishing vessels and carried on an extensive business in that line.

In his early life he kept a store in the house and the large door was on the end toward the bridge. Later he removed his store to the spot where Mrs. George E. Lane's house now stands. In 1845 he built a store on Leonard Street, opposite the hall. It has been changed into a

dwelling house and is now owned by Mrs. Herbert Bennett of Chelsea.

Mr. Alvah Griffin's house was his store at one time. After a year or two he built a larger one on the opposite side of the street, now the home of Mr. George Harvey.

Before Mr. Harvey bought the building it was used for a summer school which was formed by Professor Hyatt. A large wind-mill stood stood on the wharf to supply the school with salt water.

Caroline, a daughter, taught the Leonard Primary school for more than forty years, resigning when her health began to fail. She was an ardent worker in the society, a faithful member of the Sewing Circle and the Literary Society for many years.

She was the founder of the Sunshine Society and leader of the choir from a child until late in life. It was her lot to bear many burdens and she fulfilled every duty with a strong sense of sympathy and with fidelity.

She died as she had lived, believing in the good of humanity and

"That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

Miss Griffin died in Chelsea March 16, 1907 and was buried at Mr. Adnah.

Gustavus Griffin died in October, 1885 and his wife in October, 1881. Sarah, the last member of the family living here, died in April, 1915.

Other Griffin Families.

Mr. Alvah Griffin is a son of Peter Woodbury and Almira Griffin, Peter Woodbury was a descendant of James.

Ernest Griffin, son of Alvah, lives in his grandfather's house on Arbor Street.

Orrin, son of Peter Woodbury, lived in the house on the corner of Arbor Street and River Road now occupied by his widow and his son, J. Edward Griffin and family.

Samuel Griffin, an early resident of Annisquam, was among the early members of the church. He served as clerk of the church many years. His grandson, Joel, married Clara, daughter of David Lurvey who for many years lived in the house standing between Leonard and Walnut Streets, near the schoolhouse.

All of his children found homes in other places except Mary Ann, who married Mr. Stuart Colby as his third wife. Mr. Colby built and lived in the house which is now the parsonage of the Universalist church society. Both Mr. Griffin and his wife died many years ago.

Davis Griffin, a grandson of Andrew, lived on Leonard Street in the old house now moved back of the Ricker estate. Davis, the son, died in 1892, the last of the family.

David, grandson of Andrew, married Rachel Phipps and lived in the old Samuel Griffin house. Mrs. Griffin thought herself an invalid for many years and when asked about her health would answer, "I have the palliation of the heart so bad."

Children of Gustavus and Laura Saville Griffin

Charles, born in 1832, was a carpenter. He married Elinor Saunders and lived at Lanesville. He died in 1905 leaving three sons and a daughter. The daughter has been an invalid for more than thirty years.

Gustavus, mariner, married Adaline Goings and lived on Union Court. He died in 1906 leaving one son, Lester, who died in 1911.

Betsey married Henry Jones as his first wife and lived at Bay View. She passed to the Great Beyond in 1870.

Ruel married Ann Eliza, daughter of Moses Clough. Both passed away many years ago.

Laura married William Chard and lived in Chelsea. Mr. Chard passed away in 1889 leaving a son and two daughters.

John married Abbie, daughter of William and Abagail Chard. They live in Saugus and have one son, living in Pennsylvania.

Ada married William Hamlin and lived in Boston. She passed away in 1903 leaving one son.

Abbie married William Gilson and lived out of town. Both passed away in the 90s of the last century leaving two daughters who are married and live in Boston.

Miss Caroline Griffin

The following poem was printed in the Gloucester Daily Times in memory of Miss Caroline Griffin, who was for many years the local correspondent of the Times.

"O blessed life of service and of love!
Full of such duties as God's angels know,
His servants serve Him day and night above
Thou servest day and night, we thought, below.

O faithful heart, that recked not care or pain,
When duty called thee or when Love did lead,
Thou gavest freely, asking not again,
The word of comfort or the costly deed.

O gentle hands, so busy evermore
With healing touch or helpful tenderness!
"Twas yours to lift the burdens others bore,
Your sole reward the joy of usefulness.

O tireless feet, still walking till the last
Your patient round, as noiseless as the sun;
Your tiresome journey now is overpast,
Your years of pilgrimage at last are done.

We know not how to say the word Good-bye,
We know how to leave thee at the gate
That opens for thee toward that city high
Where other hands with loving welcome wait.

We long shall miss thee as we go our ways,
The home will miss thee from its broken band;
Full many a tear will tell thy sober praise
And all good works will miss thy helping hand.

And yet Good-bye! Good-bye! thou faithful soul;
From toil and trouble thou hast earned release;
Thy weary feet are waiting at the goal,
The pain of living ended in God's breath."

Haraden Faimily

With reverence I draw aside the veil that shields the past, and, from the misty shadows of the ceaselss rolling years, recall names, and deeds of brave men, and women whose dauntless courage made possible the settlement of Cape Ann, and the little village of Annisquam.

In the early days of the town grants of land were given settlers in different parts of the Cape.

Osman Duth, an early settler of Gloucester where he lived, sold to Edward Haraden, in 1656, thirty acres on Planters' Neck and 12 acres on Meeting House Neck at Annisquam. He added to this land by other purchases and was the first permanent settler of the village. He died May 17th, 1683, leaving an estate of 285 pounds. His wife, Sarah, died March 4th, 1691.

No one living knows where his house stood probably at the Point where his descendants were numerous a hundred years ago.

(O, Edward Haraden, my ancestor of the long ago, was it the gorgeous beauty of the rising sun over eastern pine-clad hills, and the glory of it's setting rays over the blue waters of Ipswich Bay? The thunder of the dashing waves on the rock, and the roar of the surf on the bar in the majesty of the winter storms? The gentle lapping of the wavelets on the white, sandy beach in the bright moonlight of a still summer evening? Had these a charm for thee that here you made your home?)

Edward, his son, married, first, Sarah Haskell in 1684 and second, Hannah York in

1704 and had a family of 18 children. He had land at Plum Cove and was employed by the town in 1704 to build a watch house near. In later years his name appears with the military title of Sergeant. Jonathan Haraden, a descendant, was lieutenant of the Tyrannicide in the war of the Revolution and was afterward commander of a privateer.

A hundred years ago several Joseph Haradens were living on Annisquam Point. The old house at the corner of Leonard Street and River Road was built by a Joseph Haraden and used as a tavern in the early part of the last century.

In April, 1724, the sloop "Squirrel", owned at Annisquam and commanded by Captain Andrew Haraden, was on a fishing trip and on the 14th the vessel was taken by John Phillips, a noted pirate who, with his company, left his own vessel and went on board the "Squirrel" which was a fine new one. On the 17th Haraden with seven others formed a plan to escape.

The sloop, being new, was not quite completed and the captain had provided tools to finish the work. On the 18th, the tools being on deck, Edward Cheeseman seized John Bock, the master of the pirates, threw him overboard. Haraden struck down Phillips with an adze, another man killed the boatswain, another killed the gunner. The rest of the pirates then surrendered. Captain Haraden traditions say they brought in the head of Phillips hanging at the mast head of the sloop. Eleven of the pirates and three negroes were acquitted by the court. John Archer and William Shute were hung on June 2nd under their own black flag at the Charlestown Ferry. On the Sabbath before their execution Rev. Dr. Sewell preached to them from Matthew 18:11. The pirates had

captured 34 vessels before the "Squirrel".

A Joseph Haraden built the house on the corner of Leonard and Walnut Streets now owned by the Muzzey family. He had sons that were merchants in Salem. A daughter married a Mr. Jones and lived in Maine and another daughter, Sally, married Samuel Lane of Lanesville. He, Lane, built the eastern end of the house on Union Court now owned by the Goings' heirs. He was known as Esquire Lane and was a very prominent man in the village for a number of years. He moved to Chelsea in the early forties of the last century and was one of the founders of the Universalist church there. The youngest daughter married Dominicus Pool of Rockport who lived many years in the old house. Mr. Pool and son had a bakery there in 1847 and 1848. Saturday afternoons a line of boys and girls would be seen trudging along with their pots of beans, brown bread and puddings, to be baked in the large oven.

The bakery was not profitable and was closed after a year or two. Mr. Pool afterward kept a few groceries in a room in the house and furnished home made yeast to the neighbors.

Sitting with them one evening they spoke of their early married life. Their children were all married and gone from home. Mr. Pool said he had been married more than fifty years and his wife had never built a fire when he had been at home. A good record. Mrs. Pool said she began as she thought the right way to train a husband. Soon after they were married he brought in a fish and said it was for dinner. When the time came to prepare the dinner she looked at the fish and found it was not cleaned. Looking at it she said to herself, "If I clean this fish I may be expected to clean others."

She left the fish and prepared other things for dinner. When Mr. Pool came to dinner he said, "I thought we were to have fish." Mrs. Pool replied, "Did you wish me to cook it as it came from the water?" Laughing, she added, "I have never cleaned a fish in my life."

From a tombstone in the old burying ground:- in memory of Katherine Haraden, died Oct. 15, 1803, aged 21.

The Lord doth kill and make alive,
He brings the body to the grave,
The precious soul he takes to rest
And makes it with its Saviour blest.

In 1825 or '26 a Widow Haraden moved here from Newburyport with four sons. William and Caleb married and died here. Robert and Ben lived with their mother in the western end of the house now occupied by Charles E. Cunningham. The house has been remodled. At that time a large chimney was on each end and small windows. Mrs. Haraden never used a stove and had a large, wide fireplace with crane, pot hooks and frame and used a Dutch oven. It was my delight, when a little girl, to go and visit Aunt Patty and watch her bake her cakes on a board before the fire, and heat the cover of her Dutch oven and lay the hot brands on it to bake her gingerbread. She would hitch the oven on a hook a short distance from the fire. She always turned her gingerbread on a sieve the size of the oven. When washing she boiled her sons' shirts in a large kettle. Her rule was to have them rise, and fall three times. I delighted in watching the operation and if Aunt Patty was out of the room would say, "Mrs. Haraden, your shirts have been up three times." The carrot was her favorite vegetable. She would say, "If anybody knew the virtue there is in carrots they would drink the water they are b'iled in." Robert, the faithful

son, worked on the wharves. Ben, the youngest was called lazy. His pets were two cats that followed him out every day, watched him out of sight and met him at a certain place when he returned. Mrs. Haraden died in April, 1855.

Reminiscences of Annisquam.

The Old House by the Shore.

A fire shooting upward
Its tongues of flame so bright,
Dancing o'er the kettles
With its ruddy light,
Browns the cake for breakfast
On the trencher spread
And a fish is broiling
O'er the coals so red.
Up the wide old chimney
The blazing fagots roar,
It is a morning picture,
That old house by the shore.

Mother in her arm-chair,
Back so straight and tall,
Bag of knitting hanging
From its gilded ball,
Rests awhile and listens
While the dinner waits,
For the sound of footsteps
Coming through the gate.
Reads a text and ponders
On words of sacred lore
A peaceful noontide picture
That old house by the shore.

Dusky is the kitchen
And dark the little room
But for the firelight
Lighting up the gloom.
'Round the small deal table
The mother and her son

Take their frugal supper
Which honest labor won.
The cat and her kittens
Are playing on the floor,
A picture of eventide
That old house by the shore.

The window standing open,
The curtains drawn aside,
A sunbeam gently enters
As if it would abide.
Violets and daisies
Around the house are seen,
A buttercup lifts up its head
From out a bed of green.
Mother in the doorway
Picks her cresses o'er,
A picture of springtime
That old house by the shore.

Mother at her knitting
Nods herself to sleep,
Busily the flies hum
While they their vigil keep.
Soft and warm the breezes
Come from off the sea,
Stirs the grey hair gently
With their playful glee,
The old clock in the corner
Striking o'er and o'er,
A pretty summer picture
That old house by the shore.

Apples hang a-drying
From the ceiling low,
Sputter on the hearthstone
'Neath the ruddy glow.
Son comes homeward bearing
The fruits that harvest yield
From the golden orchard
And the fertile field,
Gorgeous rays of sunset

Gild the cottage o'er,
It is an autumn picture
That old house by the shore.

Mothers chair is vacant,
Pillowed is her head,
No more her tired footsteps
Around the cottage will be heard.
Folded hands are lying
All quiet on her breast,
Lips are dumb and silent
Her bended form at rest.
Snow is softly falling
And spreads the cottage o'er
Making a winter picture,
That old house by the shore.

Years have passed. The cottage
Has other guests tonight
They know not the pictures
That glow in memory's light.
More faithful to his duty
Or to his kin, more kind,
Than the faithful son who dwelt there
It would be hard to find.
The life so borne for others
He lived in days of yore,
It glorifies the picture,
That old house by the shore.

Harvey Family

Benjamin Harvey, born in 1698, with his son George had land near the Universalist church. He died September 28, 1723, aged 70.

George had two wives, the first, Sarah Butman, the second, Patience York. His son Nehemiah married Abigail Hodgkins in 1741. Joseph Harvey, probably a grandson, lived in the house near the church now owned by his grandson, Frank Harvey. Mr. Harvey's first wife died young leaving a son Joseph who, I think, was drowned in the bay. Also a daughter Elizabeth who married James Lane as his first wife. She died young leaving two sons, James Munroe and Harvey. Both married and passed away several years ago.

Mr. Harvey's second wife was the widow of Captain Tristram Griffin. She left two sons; Sargent was at one time superintendent of the Sunday School, and died of consumption when young.

Warren married Miss Lydia Ann Daggett, a descendant of Abraham Robinson, and lived in the house near Dennis Court. His son George married Adeline, daughter of Jonathan Dennison, and they have one son, Dana, who married Carrie, daughter of Joseph Geary.

Charles married Carrie, daughter of Captain William Chard, and has one son, Gilman.

Sydney married Lita, daughter of Finson Wheeler of Riverdale. They have two sons, Wilton and Theron.

Frank married Ella, daughter of Alfred Butler, and has three sons, A. Warren, Olin

and Donald, and one daughter, Marion.

Carrie married Alden Gilpatrick who died in November, 1913, leaving a daughter, Essie, a teacher in the Bradstreet school.

Joseph Harvey's third wife was Charlotte, daughter of York Jones. She was a nurse in the Massachusetts Hospital. Their son George lived in Gloucester and was twice married. Gilman, a prominent man of this village and interested in all matters pertaining to the church and village, died March 6, 1886. He was unmarried.

Hidden Family.

A gentleman more than 80 years old found the following among some papers of his grandfathers. Copied from the original in 1911.

"Sojourned from the town of Wentworth
In eighteen hundred and five
A young man came to Gloucester
In Annisquam did live.

'Twas Adoniram Hidden
His age was eighteen
He was active, bright and handsome
And few such lads are seen.

'Twas in the month of August
And on the seventh day
To bathe himself in water
This young man took his way.
While bathing in the river,
Not knowing how to swim,
He sank unto the bottom
And never raised again.

His body was soon discovered
And brought unto the shore
The people they were anxious
His life for to restore.
Though human means they used
They all were used in vain
For death had done its office
And bound him in his chain.

In honor be it spoken
Of the people in the place
Their tears spoke that affection
Their tongues could not express.
Although he was a stranger
They morned as for a friend
And many then collected
His funeral to attend.

And they a grave prepared
And laid him in the ground
There to rest in silence
Till Gabriel's trump shall sound
And the strong tongued angel
Shall rend the angry sky
Then 'Niram will be raised
As well as you and I."

No one living knew anything of the incident, who were his friends or who wrote the verses.

Hodgkins Family

Samuel Hodgkins was appointed keeper of the ferry at Grinal Cove in 1674 and he built a house there. He was a shoemaker by trade. The ferry ran to Biscay Island, thence over the marsh by a causeway to the mainland.

Samuel was chosen keeper of the ferry on condition that he should keep a good canoe to carry over single persons and a good boat that would carry two horses in bad weather and three in good weather.

This ferry was continued for a hundred years and during this time the office of ferryman was held in one family.

William Hodgkins, a descendant, was in the ship building business with Captain Gideon Lane 3rd. They built the mills and the bridge over Goose Cove.

Mr. Hodgkins carried on the mills with his son Daniel until his death. Mr. Hodgkins was a very active and industrious man and was mowing his field a few days before his passing to fairier fields, in June, 1872, at an advanced age. His wife was blind for a number of years, of a patient, sweet disposition, beloved by all who knew her.

His son Daniel married Miss Abigail, daughter of David Lane who lived in the house now owned by the heirs of Miner Dennison. He has five sons and one daughter living. All are married but one and all the sons are in the grain business. The daughter, Abbie, married Captain Olson and now lives in her father's house on Washington Street.

Lucretia, daughter of William Hodgkins,

married James Lane and lived in the house with her father. The house is now occupied by her son, Osborne Lane, who is in the piano business in Gloucester. A daughter, Ida, married Albert Cole.

Jones Family.

Thomas Jones was in Gloucester in 1642. His house was near the burying ground.

Benjamin Jones married Elizabeth Mills January 22, 1678 and had four children.

Ambrose, probably one of his descendants, married Susannah, daughter of Samuel 2nd and Mary Goss Griffin December 23, 1792. Of their children, York married Mary, Samuel married Adaline, daughter of Caleb Lane, John married the Widow Dade, Benjamin married second, Mary Olive, daughter of Epes Davis 2nd, and for a third wife, the Widow Dennen of Rockport.

Warren married in Wenham.

Mary married a Langsford of Lanesville.

Charlotte married Joseph Harvey as his third wife. Susan married John Butler. Elizabeth married Nathaniel Duley, son of Nathaniel and Abigail Griffin. Ambrose and Susannah, daughters.

Sarah married Joseph Davis, brother of George N. Davis. Sons, Joseph, Reuben and Fitz. Fitz married Mary, daughter of Epes Butler.

Betsey married Mr. Reuben Patch of Wenham.

Rhoda married Moses Clough. Children, Moses and Rhoda. Moses married Martha Jacobs of Maine. Rhoda married Davenport Jacobs of Maine.

Susan and Nancy, daughters of Ambrose, never married.

William Jones and wife, Sarah Bennet, came from New Hampshire in the late forties of the last century and built a house at Bay View, now owned by Gen. Butler's daughter. He was interested in the grocery business. Their children. Charles and his wife and daughter passed away a number of years ago. Edward married and lived in Quincy. Alvah lived in California and was lost at sea. Henry was interested in the quarry works and married first, Betsey, daughter of Gustavus and Laura Saville Griffin. One daughter died, an infant. Etta lives in New York and is not married. His second wife was Edith, daughter of Oliver and Sarah Stimpson Peabody of Bucksport, Maine. He died in 1882 leaving a son and daughter. They lived at the time in Bay View. Harold, the son, married and lives in Gloucester. The daughter, Marguerite, died in Malden of consumption in April 1915. Both Mr. Jones and his wife were active in the life of the village.

Lane Family.

Robert Lane lived at Ricksmansworth, England. In his will, proved June 11, 1543, "I bequeath my soul unto Almighty God and my body to be buried in the churchyard of our blessed lady in Ricksmansworth."

Thomas provides in his will to be buried in the churchyard at Rickmansworth and bequeaths ten shillings to the poor of that village.

To his son George, the table in the hall and the forms and settles at the windows, also a great brass pot that was my grandfathers.

George bequeathed to his son James ten pounds of lawful money. James received from his grandfather in 1586 a house and two acres of land in Croxley Green. James left sons, John, James, Job and Edward. Job, James and Edward came to Boston. Job settled in Malden.

James was a craftsman and a member of the Guild of turners in London in 1654. He had joint ownership with his elder brother John in real estate at Rickmansworth, Hereford, 16 miles from London. James settled at Casco Bay, Maine at North Yarmouth. He acquired by purchase and improvements large estates in various places and gave his name to a point of land, also to an island on the east coast of Royalls River which still bears his name. Tradition makes the island the place where the Indians planted corn, held councils, tortured their captives, and buried their dead. He lived at Casco till King Philips war. He was killed by the Indians at that time.

John Lane, his son, married Dorcas Wallis

and lived at Lanesville as its first settler. Five children were born at Cape Elizabeth, Maine, and six at Gloucester and were baptized by Rev. John White before 1703.

Joseph, son of John, married Deborah Harraden, great-granddaughter of Edward 1st, January, 1721, by Rev. John White. They joined the Annisquam church September 26, 1731. He died April 24, 1749, aged 45. He had a family of 11 children.

Gideon, the ninth child married first, Mary Babson, twin daughter of William Babson who lived in the large house on Leonard Street facing the channel, February 21, 1763, by Parson Cleveland. They united with the Annisquam church in 1773. She died of consumption January 8, 1779, aged 34, leaving three sons and three daughters. He married second March 25, 1780, the Widow Gatewood by Rev. Eli Forbes. They had three children.

Mr. Lane was a sea captain and removed to Freeport, Maine, before 1800. He lived on Samp Porridge Hill, Revere Street, the spot now occupied by the heirs on David Dennison.

Tradition connects him with the exploits of the English sloop of war, "Falcon" which had aided the British in the war at Bunker Hill. She made her appearance in Ipswich Bay August 6, 1775. Captain Lindsay sent a barge ashore with fifty men to seize a supply of sheep from the pastures. Repulsed in the attempt, the barge was next ordered to Annisquam harbor to capture Captain Lane's deeply laden schooner, supposed to be a West Indian. On boarding the schooner she was found to be loaded with nothing but sand. Disappointed in seizing what he supposed to be a valuable

cargo of West Indian products, he then bombarded the town of Gloucester for several hours.

Captain Lane died at Pleasant Hill, Freeport, Maine, October 6, 1813, aged 76. He is buried on Pleasant Hill, Freeport, Maine, which overlooks the town and gives a glimpse of the blue waters of Casco Bay.

Gideon Lane, 2nd, son of Gideon, was born on Samp Porridge Hill in 1764. He married, April 20, 1790, Hannah Griffin, a daughter of Oliver and Mary Griffin. Before 1800 he bought the large two story house near the bridge over Lobster Cove, now called the Colonial cottage and owned by Mr. O'Reilly of Gloucester. Captain Lane purchased the house of Madam Goss, widow of Captain Goss. The land at that time extended back to Walnut Street, to the land where Village Hall stands and down to the bridge over Lobster Cove. Leonard Street was cut through later. He had a family of eleven. Fourt daughters died young. His wife died May 10, 1852, aged 80. He died November 28, 1821, aged 57.

Obituary by Rev. Ezra Leonard.

"Died in Annisquam Wednesday last, Captain Gideon Lane, after a long and distressing illness which he endured with remarkable fortitude and patience. An affectionate remembrance of the worthy man will ever be cherished by his relatives and friends. His moral character was unexceptionable and he was distinguished for his diligence and activity in business.

When in health his cheerful and social disposition never failed to render him an acceptable companion in the circle of his friends and ac-

quaintances.

In the death of Captain Lane the society in which he lived and his friends in particular have sustained an irreparable loss. He was a kind and affectionate husband and a tender and indulgent father. He was fondly attached to life and had an earnest desire to recover from his illness but when he became sensible that his case was hopeless he expressed a perfect resignation to the divine will and died in a comfortable hope of a happy immortality. We trust he is now rejoicing in the possession of perfect purity, while he has left behind that which is better than pearls, a good name. Peace be to his memory."

British barges came into Annisquam in 1815 to destroy what shipping they could find and burned several schooners. Before they arrived here they had taken several vessels off the Cape.

Captain Gideon Lane, 3rd, and his brother Oliver, a lad of 14, were bound for Hallowell, Maine, in the schooner, "Welcome Return". They were captured by the barges of the English frigate "Nymph" and made a prize and were informed that they were the fellows they were looking for. The crew of a sloop the English had previously boarded had told them of their whereabouts as a much larger prize.

When they arrived at the frigate the captain said, "Welcome alongside". They expected to be sent to Halifax as prisoners of war but the English were willing to release the schooner for a ransom of money so their father went to the frigate and was held as hostage while his son Gideon went to Boston for the money. They were on board 12 days. While they were on board

the barges went to Lobster Cove and burned several vessels. They went to Captain Lane's wharf and were untying his vessel when his wife and daughter went down and asked them to take it from the wharf if they were to burn it. Mrs. Lane said, "You already have my husband and son," They saw the vessels name, "Federalist" and the lieutenant in command looked at Miss Lane a few moments and then declared that he could not resist the prayer of such a pretty miss and the vessel's name should save it. While the Lanes were on board the barges went ashore and the crews took sheep, geese and ducks. They went ashore at Folly Cove and killed a cow belonging to Anna Gale Woodbury. Before killing the cow the sailors ran with their dippers and milked her. This was the last barge that entered Annisquam harbor.

Martha Lane, daughter of Gideon 1st, born December 22, 1772, married May 25, 1793, Moses Soule of Freeport, Maine. They united with the Congregational church in Freeport in 1810. He was chosen deacon of the church in 1813 and closed his services with his death on October 4, 1851. Mrs. Soule died December 20, 1837. Their descendants have been preeminently a race of literary men and educators.

Their son, Gideon Lane Soule, named for his grandfather was born July 25, 1796. He graduated from Bowdoin in 1818 and from Andover Theological School in 1821 and was a teacher at Phillips Academy until his death.

"Dr. Soule was a thorough classical scholar and possessed rare natural qualities for the high part to which he was called. He was of commanding presence and dignified manners and was a thorough gentlemen in the best sense of the term. He retired from active employment

bearing with him the respect and affection of his associates and the numerous pupils who had enjoyed the advantage of his instruction and his example." Charles S. Beale.

In 1822 he married Elizabeth Phillips of Exeter, N. H., and died there May 26, 1879. Mrs. Soule was born August 16, 1794 and died May 9, 1883.

From memorial sketch by George E. Street of Exeter, N. H.

"One has just finished her course in this community having transcended the natural limit of life by nearly a score of years. If her heavenly father wished to prolong her life she would accept it as a glorious trust and opportunity.

"Deeds of week-day holiness
Fell from her noiseless as the snow."

She looked eagerly forward to that brighter world and could say with one who had herself loved, "the life that now is" and he full share of its blessings,

Life, we've been long together
Through pleasant and through stormy weather.
'Tis hard to part where friends are dear,
Perhaps we'll cast a sigh or tear
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time.
Say not good night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good morning."

John Babson Lane Soule, born April 14, 1815, graduated from Bowdoin college in 1840. He received honorary degress of D. D. and Ph. D. He married September 3, 1840, Mary L., daughter of

Ethan and Mary Stephens of Hallowell, Maine. He married second, Lidelia Gookins of Tere Haute, Indiana. In 1887 he resigned from the Congregational church at Highland Park, Chicago, Ill., having been its pastor 25 years.

Nancy, daughter of Moses and Martha Soule, married October 16, 1832, Gladden Melcher of Portland, Maine.

Jeannette, born January 30, 1809, married March 6, 1850, O. Isaac Dyer of Freeport. A daughter was living at Tere Haute in 1886.

From the Chicago Tribune, September 3, 1887.

By John Babson Lane Soule.

My grandfather, Captain Gideon Lane 1st, was a sea captain, not a mere claimant of the title but a genuine old salt, trained from boyhood under a tarpaulin hat and as familiar with the paths of the sea as a shepherd with those of a flock.

Spending his life on extensive sea voyages, he was seldom at home long enough at a time for the salt spray to dry on his weather-beaton cheek. There was hardly a spot on the glove in which he could not shake hands with an old acquaintance, civilized or savage. Of course, his history was crowded with curious incidents, most of those in which my childhood ears tingled and my eyes dilated have become so faded in memory as to be incapable of a tolerable narration. The followin made a more lasting impression.

During the calm between the old French wars and the Revolution a ship was lying at a wharf in New York loaded with a valuable cargo ready to sail for Liverpool, England. This was my grandfather's ship waiting for her papers and

a fair wind. The papers came and shortly after, a breeze, and everything on board was in order and action.

The casting off and coiling of ropes, the unfurling of sails and the running of the sailors along the ratlines looked like spiders in their webs. The sharp orders of the mate and the "Yo-hey-yo" of the crew echoed over the rippling waters of the harbor which looked in the rays of the setting sun, as if covered with a stream of liquid glod.

Just before the last plank was hauled in a stranger stepped hurriedly on board and inquired for the captain to whom he was conducted and, entering the stateroom, with a slight bow, said, "You are for Liverpool, I believe."

"Yes Sir", answered the captain.

"I am in poor health and intending to pass the winter in Italy and wish to get passage in the first ship that sails for Europe. Will you take a passenger?"

"Yes, if my accommodations suit you."

"Never mind accommodations, Captain. I am an old sailor and can make myself comfortable."

His allusion to ill health attracted the captains attention and awakened his sympathy.

Tall, straight and slender, he was dressed in a suit of black broadcloth with a Spanish cloak of the same material and color, a two-edged sword, common on shipboard at that time, was partly covered by his cloak, hung at his side.

His hair was quite grey and his features would have been handsome had they not been so emaciated as to give unpleasant prominence to a half hidden scar on his face. His eyes were blue and full of expression but restless at times.

"Name the price, Captain, and I will pay now."

The captain replied, "You are a sailor, sick, the accommodations of my ship as well as my own are at your command." As he said it he thought he saw a tear in the strangers eye. Noble hearts are impatient of exhibition of gratitude and he quickly added, "I am ready to sail. Is your baggage on board?"

"This is my baggage, Sir," he said, showing him a small black satchel.

Leading him to a stateroom, the captain left him and went on deck and the ship was soon under way. The sails filled with a still breeze and wharves, warehouses and spectators grew small in the distance.

As darkness shut in, the wind increased to a gale and for ten days and nights the ship underwent such a conflict with the elements as she had never before encountered.

During this time the stranger had been confined below with a rapid consumption which rough weather had swiftly matured. During the storm the captain could only make short visits to the sick man.

He could expect but little sympathy from the crew who with their superstitions had associated his presence with the perils of the ship.

On the tenth night, just as the captain was summoned to the sick man, the gale ceased. The sudden stilling of the gale and the mournful creaking of the spars forced a shade of melancholy over the captain's face as he hastened to the call of the stranger.

As he seated himself beside the berth the sick man fixed his brilliant eyes upon him and said calmly, "Captain, I am dying."

"I hope not, sir, this dreadful gale has weakened you."

"No, Captain," he replied, "I am dying. The storm is over, I know, so is that tempest in my breast. This ship has been tossed by the waves but is has been sunshine and calm compared with that tempest. It is all over now and I have forgiven him. He has long been in the grave, but I have forgiven him."

The captain thought he was delirious but the deep intelligence of his eye forbade the thought. He gazed at him with mingled sympathy and curiosity, anxious to learn of a history the closing scene of which was so dark and mysterious.

"I told you I was a sailor. Of thirty-five years I have not spent one on shore. This was not my choice. Like a ship, Captain, my supports were knocked from under me and I was launched upon the ocean. My father was an English merchant in Cadiz. He lavishly provided for my education. Having traversed the Halls of Science I left Oxford and returned to Spain at the age of twenty.

The first year of my freedom I spent in rambling over the mountains of that enchanting

country. In a deep, enclosed dell, shut out from the world, where the earth was always green and the sky blue, I met one day a beautiful young shepherdess and loved her. I will not describe her charms, Captain, for you have been young and a man that has loved need not to be told that to the eye of true affection, its object has no defects. My father learned my secret but I knew it not. I had a life-long secret afterward which he never learned.

He came to me one day, smiled, and said, "My son, do you want to go to Cuba?" I eagerly answered in the affirmative for it had been a cherished but hitherto forbidden passion for me to travel.

"One of my vessels sails tomorrow and you may go." This short interval allowed me no time to bid farewell to my shepherdness who was fifty miles distant, or even to inform her of my departure, but I said, "I'll soon be back," and many other consolations I whispered to my heart the next day while bounding over the Atlantic. The ship arrived at Havana, reloaded and sailed for Calcutta. I was a prisoner on my father's ship and for five years I was kept from home as if all the waters of the ocean could wipe out my love.

I escaped at length from the prison ship while at Rio and took passage in a French bark for the Guadalaquiver. No circumnavigation of the globe was ever so long as that voyage. I strained my eyes every day watching for Gibralter, which I knew was thousands of miles off, and every night dreamed of mountain rivulets, snowy flocks and Ina. Arriving at last at Seville, I hastened over the border and sought the sunny dell where my affection had so long nestled and found that the idol of my heart was

the wife of an Andilusian shepherd. She had been told that I had deserted her and afterwards that I was dead. My heart was turned to stone. "My father," said I, "shall never know of his victory." I did not go to see him. It was wicked, I know, but burning with the spirit of revenge, I went again to sea and never saw him more.

In six months I was master of a fast sailing ship. You have seen me, Captain, but never in port. I have often seen you and knew your name 20 years ago.

My father continued to freight his ships and sent them to the different ports of the world but he never knew that I superintended a large part of his business and that many of the cargoes found a sale in ports to which they had never been consigned. His agents sometimes failed to report. I have said enough, Captain. Before tomorrow's sun sets I shall be in the caverns of the deep. I have a fortune in the Bank of England. With it is deposited a will and the orphan son of Ina is my heir.

You have been kind to me, Captain, and in token of my gratitude I beg you to accept my watch and cutlass and this paper which you will carefully preserve." So saying, he held out a folded scrap of paper which the captain put in his pocket.

Morning dawned but the stranger's eyes did not open upon it. They were closed forever.

In the afternoon the burial service at sea was performed and the shrouded body of the pirate with a gentle plunge, broke the glassy surface of the ocean and sank swiftly to its mysterious depths.

It was many hours afterward that my grandfather thought of the paper. He opened it and read the following:-

"Captain Lane. On the eastern point of Nantucket at high water mark is a tall cliff. A quarter league due west from the cliff is a large round stone and near the stone a thornbush. That bush grows in very rich soil."

Captain Lane's duties kept him a long time abroad and when he was on shore and was in Boston two years afterward, he was thinking of acting upon the hint suggested in the paper when his eye fell upon the following paragraph in the old Boston Mercury.

"Wonderful Discovery."

As John Roger was breaking a piece of pastureland on the east shore of Nantucket his plow turned up a stout thornbush. Sticking to the roots he spied several Spanish dollars. Digging lustily, he did not give up until he had counted out doubloons of more than $2800. value, no doubt buried by Captain Kidd or hi pirate crew."

My grandfather died of old age, leaving to his family the pirate's cutlass which three generations of boys have used in their juvenile trainings and can now be seen rusted and blunted in the office of his great-grandson, a lawyer of New York.

Priscilla, daughter of Gideon 1st, married Nathaniel Griffin, and had one son, Nathaniel, a merchant of Salem. They lived in the house that stood between Leonard and Walnut Streets. It was burned down and the present on built there before 1800. She married second, Joseph Haraden, and removed to Lynn, being one of the

first members of the Universalist church of that city.

Esther married Asa Woodbury of Folly Cove. He owned a large tract of land on Lobster Cove and in 1792 built and lived in the house now owned by Miss Pevear. The ell was on Arlington Street where he kept a store and supplied his fishing vessels. On the walls of the store were various mottoes as "Pay as you buy," "If you have the money buy, if you have not please don't try," "A wise man spendeth not his money foolishly." Back of the large boulder where the summer house stands was the family tomb. When the property was sold, after Mr. Woodbury's death, the bodies were all moved to the old burying ground.

Mr. Woodbury built a house for his daughter Cynthia who married William Winchester of Gloucester. The house is now owned by Miss Carrie Dennison and Mrs. Latimer. His flake yard covered the ground where the houses of Mrs. Coddington, Mrs. Annie Jewett and Mr. Frederick Norwood now stand. His daughter, Corelia, married Timothy Smith who carried on the fishing business a number of years after Mr. Woodbury's death and moved to Westborough, Mass., in 1851.

Mr. Woodbury's son Asa married Phoebe Sargent. Both died young and he adopted their son Asa and daughter Phoebe. Phoebe married William Day of Portsmouth, N. H., as his second wife. Mr. Woodbury died in 1847, Mrs. Woodbury in 1850.

Gideon 3rd, son of Gideon and Hannah Griffin Lane, was born August 31, 1791. He married first, Dorcas Babson, daughter of Captain William Babson, January, 30, 1817. Her epitaph on a stone in the old burying ground:-

"Blest be thy rest fair dweller of the sky
Beloved thou didst live, lamented thou didst die.
Thy heart was goodeness and thy soul was truth
Now blooms in heaven with an immortal youth.
Love we shall meet thee on that blissful shore
Of peace and love, to part again no more."

He married second, Eliza Peabody of Bucksport, Maine in 1821.

He lived in Boston several years, was captain of several vessels and interested in business with Mr. Samuel Wheeler. He moved to Annisquam about 1827 and was interested with Mr. William Hodgkins in building the mills and Goose Cove bridge. They started ship building on land on Lobster Cove near the Post Office.

The first ship built was the St. Thomas. In 1832 they built the ship Gloucester and in 1833, the brig Tomora and a number of fishing vessels. He carried on the fishing business at the lower point near Major Bent's lawn. He was interested in the building of the new Universalist church and was selectman of Gloucester for five years and representative in 53-54. He moved to Chelsea in 1853 and was connected with the Boston Custom House.

Captain Lane died in Chelsea in August, 1865, aged 72 years. His wife, a bright, hospitable lady died May 15, 1875, aged 73. A party of ladies that the captain was taking to sail in the schooner Hebe were much alarmed when a breeze sprang up. His mother who was present, tried to calm them, saying, "As long as Gideon is at the helm there is no danger." This became a standing joke on the old lady for a long time.

George Edward, son of Gideon 3rd, was born February 19, 1822. He worked, when young, at

the mills and drove the meal cart from 1828 to 1832. He then went to sea with Captain David Lane in the bark Manto of Boston. He was captain of the clipper ship "Sweepstakes" and also commanded a steamship of the Pacific Mail Company. He married, October, 1847, Mary Ann, daughter of Jonathan and Affire Everett of New London, N. H. She died at Yokahama, Japan, November, 1869, aged 48. He married second, Mrs. Sophronia Lane in December, 1875. Later he bought the house and store of Captain Gustavus Lane on Leonard Street, the house is now occupied by his widow. He died March 29, 1891, leaving one son by his first wife living in Colorado. The son passed away three years ago leaving two sons. "Though born in Boston this was the home of his early childhood and here he came at the close of his active life to spend his remaining years. In every place he was the same christian gentlemen that we knew him to be in his early life." M. G. G.

Oscar, son of Gideon, born November 16, 1826, died at Chelsea, Mass., July 6, 1869, aged 42. He was unmarried. His first voyage as captain was on the bark "Artic". From 1859 to 1862 he commanded the ship "Templar" of Boston. In 1865 he became captain of the bark "Behring" in which he made his last voyage. Captain Lane was an honorable representative of American ship masters, faithful to his trusts, having the confidence of his owners and the esteem of all who knew him.

Bertha, born September 13, 1829, married Dr. J. S. Brown and lived in New York and Florida. Died at Huntington, Florida, in January, 1891, leaving three sons and two daughters living in Florida.

Ernest, born October 2, 1832, died in

Chelsea, Mass., February 23, 1886, aged 54. He was captain of the bark, "J. D. Peters". His death was attributed to blood poisoning from the gas of the cargo of nitrate of soda, for which no antidote was then known. He was unmarried. A quiet, reserved man and a dear lover of the old home at Annisquam which he was having repaired at the time of his death, leaving it to his two sisters, Medora and Edith. It is the house on River Road opposite the channel.

Medora, born November 17, 1833, died in Malden in January, 1900. She was a teacher in the schools of Chelsea for a number of years.

Dorcas Babson, born January 11, 1836, married Henry Fenno of Revere in 1866 and died in Malden in June, 1900. Mr. Fenno died in Annisquam in October, 1912. An infant son died in February, 1869. Buried at Woodlawn.

Elizabeth, born February 6, 1838, married Charles Noyes of Newburyport in 1866. He died in Malden in November, 1891. His wife also died in Malden, March 13, 1911. Both are buried in the family lot at Mt. Adnah.

Edith, born November 11, 1839, lives in the old homestead on River Road.

William Harper, born November 1, 1842, died at Sidney, Australia, July 25, 1863, aged 21. Buried at Mt. Adnah.

Arthur Francis, born February 9, 1844, married Susan Nash of Chelsea who died a number of years ago leaving a son, Arthur K., who died of typhoid fever in 1905. He lived with his sister Edith in the old homestead.

The house was built by George Dennison more

than 150 years ago. For many years it was the home of Captain William Babson, grandfather of John Babson, the historian of Gloucester. It was an old house 90 years ago when Captain Gideon bought it. The fireplace in the kitchen was so large that one could sit in it and see the stars.

Children of Gideon Lane 2nd.

Clara, born February 18, 1796, married David Babson of Pigeon Cove January 1, 1830, who died in December, 1869. She died in May, 1874. Their daughter Clara, born in 1831, married George Walen and died in 1879 leaving a son and daughter.

Clifford, born in 1833, married Sarah Atwood of Pigeon Cove. His second wife was Clarabel Wheeler. He died in 1898 leaving several children. Charlotte married her cousin, Horatio Babson. Both died several years ago leaving one son, Herman, an instructor at Amherst College.

Alexander, born August 18, 1801, died at St. Thomas, August 15, 1821. News of his death received here September 7, 1821.

Hannah, born November 18, 1803, married Captain David Lane August 25, 1826. He was the son of Epes Lane of Lanesville. He was a successful sea captain and commanded the bark "Monto" for a number of years. He died in Boston, December 9, 1848, aged 45. His wife was an earnest and active member of the Universalist Church and Sunday School, a faithful member of the Sewing Circle and was of a generous and hospitable nature. She died in Chelsea, July 16, 1872, aged 68. Captain Lane and wife are buried in Mt. Adnah. He was the first interred there.

A daughter, Ellen, born Septem-

ber 16, 1827, was married by Rev. A. D. Mayo to George Everett of New London, N. H., a soldier in the 19th Regiment of N. H. Infantry. He was appointed major August 26, 1862. Died in Cincinnati August 27, 1863, aged 48. His wife died at Danvers, December 1888, aged 61, leaving several children.

Alexander married Jane Burpee of New London, N. H., a soldier in the 11th Regiment of N. H. Volunteers.

Horace married Maria Lane of Rockport and was a jeweler in Gloucester. Both died several years ago leaving a son and daughter.

Oliver Griffin Lane, son of Gideon Lane, 2nd, born November 25, 1798, married Charlotte Phippen December 10, 1821. She was the daughter of Nathaniel and Anna Ricket Phippen of Salem, Mass., and belonged to one of the staid families peculiar to ancient Salem. She accompanied her husband on several voyages to Europe, South America and around Cape Horn to California. She was closely identified with the Annisquam church and when the Sunday School was organized was among the earliest teachers. She possessed a remarkable memory which she retained to the last and would give facts and recall dates when others were in doubt. A kind friend and neighbor, of generous heart and worthy motives. Captain Lane went Captain first at the age of 22 and followed the sea till 1856 when he left the clipper ship "Neptune's Favorite" in London. He said he had attained what he started out for when a young man, to sail one of the finest ships out of Boston and have whole command of ship and cargo. He had realized his ambtion and was ready to retire. He never came upon an insurance company although always heavily insured. He was a watchful and efficient captain and well liked by his crew as they often went several voyages with him.

Often his old mates, sailors and stewards called on him at his home where he would gladly welcome them and assist them in ways that he could. Both himself and wife were fond of entertaining and an open house was ever ready to receive relatives and friends. Captain Lane died during the great snow-storm of 1867 after a long and painful illness of Bright's disease, January 17, aged 68. Mrs. Lane died September 21, 1886, aged 86 years and one month.

Children. Oliver Lane, Jr., was born October 31, 1823, in Salem, Mass., and was married by Rev. A. D. Mayo to Miss Nancy Pearce, daughter of Captain William and Clara Pearce of Gloucester, on May 7, 1848. His wife died in New York on returning from a voyage to England April 7, 1852, aged 28. Captain Lane was an active, industrious, generous, social man, beloved by the poor and the children. He was ever ready for things social that would contribute to the pleasure and happiness of others. He died June 25, 1872, aged 48. He and his wife are buried in the family lot at Oak Grove cemetery, Gloucester. One daugher, Miss Helen Lane of Annisquam, survives them.

Charles Augustus, born February 8, 1826, at Gloucester, was married by Rev. N. Gunnison, March 29, 1856, to Sophronia E., daughter of Thomas and Sophronia Fellows Pulcifer. He died July 1, 1869, at Rio, South America, of yellow fever in a hospital there. At that time he was mate with his brother Oliver in the bark, C. L. Taylor. Mr. Lane was of a happy disposition and kind in all his relations to relatives and friends. He left one son, William Francis, who married Lilian Blake and lives in Lowell. Their little son, Charles Augustus, 3 years old, died November 30, 1889. A daughter, Gertrude, married Dr. Ellwood E. Shields of Philadelphia in July, 1912. A son, Oliver, is a chemist.

Frederic F., born in Annisquam September 25, 1829, married and lived at Whatcom, Washington, in 1864, being one of its first settlers. He was killed at Beach, Washington, by the falling of a tree, February 21, 1909, aged 79. He left sons and daughters living in different sections of the state.

Charlotte A., born February 20, 1833, lives at the old homestead.

Ann Eliza, born September 6, 1835, married June 12, 1856, James A. Cunningham, son of Nathaniel and Martha Putnam Cunningham. They were married by Rev. N. Gunnison and lived in Lunenburg, Mass., until 1859 when they removed to Annisquam where Mr. Cunningham bought the stage line to Gloucester of Mr. Ezekiel Chard. She was a member of the Sunday School and the church choir. During the 10 years of her husbands administration as superintendent of the Soldiers' Home at Chelsea she was matron.

Gneral Cunningham was born in Boston, November 27, 1830. He worked on his father's farm in Lunenburg a number of years and was a member of the Fitchburg Fusiliers. He formed a brass band of young men in Annisquam in 1859, who enlivened the people of the village with their music on summer evenings, drawing a crowd from other parts of the city. The band stand was on the top of a picturesque ledge of granite between the Leonard Schoolhouse and Village Hall. Mr. Cunningham enlisted in Company D, 32nd Regiment as 1st Lieutenant in October, 1861 and was with General Grant in the final movement that captured Lee's army. In July, 1866, he was made Quarter Master General. In December of the same year he was appointed Adjutant General and held the position 13 years. He was the first superintendent of the Soldiers' Home in May, 1882, and held it till his death on July 17, 1892. He

was a member of Tyrian Lodge of Mason of Gloucester and the American Legion of Honor of Cambridgeport.

General Cunningham left two sons. Charles E. married Marilla, daughter of Willard P. Griffin, in June, 1885. One son, James H. born in June, 1886, is a 1st lieutenant at West Point and married Ann, daughter of Major Gifford, in November, 1910. They have one son, James H.,Junior.

Fred Lane Cunningham, born November 4, 1859, married Mary Elizabeth, daughter of James Mellen, born January 16, 1888. Living in Cambridge.

Annie Grafton Cunningham, born August 29, 1870, married Carlos Moore of Boston, April 31, 1895 and is living at Wellesley Hills. Children, Charlotte Lane, born August 10, 1896 and Alice Churchill, born November 5, 1897.

Clifford, son of Oliver G. and Charlotte (Phippen) Lane, born January 10, 1832, died March 24, 1832. His funeral was the last Parson Leonard ever attended.

Francis Ganahl, born February 9, 1840, died March 12, 1846.

Gustavus A. Lane, son of Gideon 2nd and Hannah Griffin, born June 9, 1811, married first, Clarissa Peabody, sister of his brother Gideon's wife. He was a sea captain for a number of years. Mrs. Lane died January 2, 1869, aged 59. After his wife's death he bought the store now occupied by Mr. Edward Sargent and held it until his death December 15, 1876. He married second, A. Maria, daughter of Edward and Harried Colby McQuestion,

March 1873. Mrs. Lane died February 9, 1909. She was an ardent and faithful member of the Universalist church and Sunday School and was greatly missed by the society. There were four children by the first wife.

Gustavus A., born May 29, 1835, was a sea captain and married first, Virginia, daughter of Elijah and Jane Edmunds of Pigeon Cove, January 1, 1863. On returning from a voyage to Calcutta with her husband she died April 10, 1869, leaving a young daughter. A young son had preceded her to the better land. Captain Lane married second, Isabel, daughter of Captain Edward Babson of Gloucester. One son died in 1876. Captain Lane died in November 1904. One daughter, Isabel, is a teacher in the Gloucester schools. At one time he was engaged in the granite business at Rockport.

Clarissa Minot, born November 30, 1843, died suddenly September 23, 1896, aged 51.

Marcus M. born May 31, 1837, married May 21, 1870, Rachel, daughter of James and Sarah Steele of Gloucester. Mr. Lane was a carpenter by trade. In 1863 he made a voyage as ship carpenter on the ship Templar of which his cousin was captain, from New York to Sidney, New South Wales, from there to Calcutta and back to New York. He built a house at Hyde Park and established a tool-sharpening business in Boston. He died in Gloucester where he was living at the time, April 4, 1893. He died very suddenly while walking on the street, aged 55. He was mourned sincerely by those who knew his sterling worth and who loved him for his many virtues.

Ralph Irving, born October, 1839, married,

June 1, 1865, Ellen Bailey, daughter of Ira and Mary Bates Saville of Lexington, Mass. Captain Lane died at Port au Prince in ~~Octo-~~ NOV. ~~ber~~ 2, 1869, while in command of the schooner "W. D. Bickford", leaving one son, Ralph Edgar, born in ~~April~~ MARCH 6, 1867, who married in January, 1897, Vera, daughter of Rev. Mr. Perrin of the Shawmut Universalist church, Boston. They have one daughter, Rachel, born in 1898. A son, Irving Saville, lived only a year or two and died in 1910.

Emily, daughter of Gideon 2nd, born September 8, 1805, married Captain William Davis, son of Elder Epes Davis, in 1834. She died August 10, 1880, and her husband in August, 1889, leaving three sons, all of whom have passed on to the higher life.

Jonathan Lane Family.

Jonathan Lane, son of Benjamin Lane, married first, Lydia Robinson, November 15, 1775. On January 17, 1776, he was married to Esther Stanwood by Parson Cleaveland. He was later married to Betsey Walen by Rev. Obidiah Parsons. They were admitted to the church January 13, 1778. He died in September, 1808.

His estate was apportioned to his son Jonathan, he paying legacies to the daughter, Lydia Phipps, who was married December 10, 1796 to Mr. Phipp.

Esther who married Samuel Sargent and was killed in 1861 by being thrown from a wagon and son Moses, he paying legacies to Dorcas Lane who married first, Peter Griffin and second William Haraden. Her children were Peter, Dorcas, and Moses Griffin and Timothy Haraden.

Allen, son of Jonathan, married his cousin, Charlotte Sargent, January 20, 1847. The children were Edward Lane, painter, living in Manchester. He was married July 20, 1858, to Amanda Sargent, daughter of William and Elizabeth Sargent. She died August 13, 1888, aged 35.

Bertha Ada, daughter of Allen, was born April 11, 1856. A faithful principal of the Bradstreet school and superintendent of the Annisquam Universalist Sunday School.

Jonathan Lane, Jr., was married first by Parson Leonard to Margaret Grover, December 10, 1807. Both were admitted to the church August 6, 1804. She died July 30, 1824. He married, October 9, 1825, Widow Sally Story

Goings. She died November 23, 1885, aged 98. He died of palsy December 22, 1860, at the age of 80. Mr. Lane was a constant attendant at church with all his family and deacon of the church for many years.

Jonathan, a son, married Mary Goings, daughter of his second wife who was born in Essex in 1810. She died in Rockport November 23, 1891, aged 81. He died in May, 1851, aged 42.

A daughter, Margaret, married Sebastian Davis in 1858.

George, fisherman, married Augusta Saunders who died at a hospital in Boston, September 25, 1896, aged 55. He lives at the old homestead.

Frederic, son of Jonathan, married Widow Judith Story Sanborn, a real daughter of the Revolution and a sister of his step-mother. She was a member of Lucy Knox Chapter, D.A.R., of Gloucester.

Orville, mariner, lives with his sister Harriet on Chester Square.

Lydia, daughter of Amos Phipps, married Captain George Davis, 2nd.

Julia, daughter of Esther Sargent, married Walter Butler. Their daughter Ella married Edward Sargent, the grocer of Leonard Street.

Dorcas Haraden, daughter of Jonathan Lane, was a member of the Universalist church, held religious meetings at her own home, was a strong-minded woman, was never afraid to speak her mind, knew no aristocracy and hesitated never to tell one of them what seemed to be

their errors. On day, being asked by a young person at whose home she had been in the habit of visiting why she never came to see them as she used to do, replied in a most sepulchral voice, "Dear child, I am done with the pomp and vanities of this world." She died June 25, 1872.

Moses Lane, son of Jonathan 1st, was born in December, 1781. He resided on Washington Street at the foot of Bennett Street, near the church. He married first, Olive Fellows of Ipswich, Mass., on August 23, 1792. She died February 12, 1823, aged 30. He afterward married Mary Fellows, a sister of his first wife, Parson Leonard performing the ceremony. She died April 19, 1880. He died April 20, 1856, aged 74.

Both Mr. Lane and wife were constant, efficient members of the Universalist church. They were most generous and hospitable and many a guest found there a cheerful, happy home.

Children of Moses and Olive.

Mary Olive, born 1821. Married August 18, 1841, by Josiah Waite, Joseph Moore, Jr., mariner, of Fresh Water Cove, son of Master Moore. He died in February, 1844, leaving a son a few days old. Mrs. Moore died at the home of her son in Roslindale March 12, 1908.

From obituary in the Gloucester Daily Times of March 14, "Peacefully closed the long and useful life and our good friend has passed on where the untiring soul, freed from its earthly tenement, can enter upon its heavenly mission. The house in which she was born has always been her residence. She possessed the

friendship of the entire community. She was one of the first members of the Sewing Circle, continuing a member until her death. A life-long attendant of the Universalist church and a firm believer in its doctrines. 'Into the infinite love, into the cloudless light, into the welcome that waited above."

Joseph, son of Joseph and Mary O.(Lane) Moore, was born in February, 1844. He married Miss Lucy Tood of Gloucester. He enlisted in the 17th regiment in 1861 and served faithfully until the close of war. Captain Moore was City Marshall for a number of years and a member of the State Police for 35 years. His home, for a number of years, was in Roslindale, Mass. He is residing at present in his grandfather's house on Washington Street, near the church.

Moses, son of Moses and Olive, was born in January, 1823. He was a gunner in the United States Navy at Brooklyn, N. Y., and California. He married, September 26, 1862, Ann Sargent, daughter of Oliver and Sophie Sargent. He retired to Everett, Mass., where he died suddenly October 31, 1888, aged 65. Buried at Mt. Adnah.

"Gentle and kindly in disposition and with manly integrity of character above reproach, all were his friends who knew him and many hearts will be pained to learn of his sudden death." Rev. Perry Bush.
His widow and three daughters live in California

Norwood Family.

Francis Norwood settled at Goose Cove in 1663. His son Francis married Mary Stephens and built a house near the head of Goose Cove. I think he built the old mill which was torn down long ago.

His sons, Jonathan and William, carried on the fishing business. A Francis Norwood built the house now owned by the Hyatt heirs. Mary, a daughter of Jonathan lived in the house a number of years and married Captain Baker. He owned slaves, a woman named Elsie, and a man. At Mrs. Baker's death she left the estate to a relative, Mr. Nathaniel Parsons.

Gustavus, a son of Jonathan, had a son Charles who had a large family of children and lived in the house now occupied by the Sensenig family.

From Mary Baker's Note Book

"Oct. 9, 1806. Independent Universalist church at Gloucester dedicated. Mr. Baker and myself dined with Mr. Hough in company with Dr. Coffin and lady, Dr. Manning and lady, Dr. Smith and lady. Twenty gentlemen and eight ladies present.

Apr. 22, 1805. Mr. Caleb Pool declared his vision in public in Sandy Bay meeting house after meeting.

July 4, 1803. Independant Day. Mr. Baker and Capt. Babson drove to Sandy Bay to lay the corner stone of the new meeting house.

Aug. 20. Fine day. Scouring pewter.

This day put on a pair of new slippers, kid, the first I was ever owner of, bought at Tarbox.

Nov. 14, 1803. Abram brot papers and bot us 26 lbs. of coffee of Rober Tarr at 27 cts. per pd. Mr. Baker bot demijohn of rum at Gus Sargents same day.

Feb. 7, 1809. This day completed 28 years that the subscriber has been married."

Sign Mary Baker.

Mr. George Norwood was a son of William Norwood who married Susan Wheeler, and a grandson of Caleb Norwood of Rockport. He married his cousin Mary E. Wheeler, daughter of Charles Wheeler. Her mother was a granddaughter of Jonathan Haraden and died when Mrs. Norwood was very young and she was adopted by her grandmother. A sister of her mother passed away at the same time as her mother and both were buried at the same time. While the funeral procession was on the way to the old cemetery a violent thunderstorm occurred. The bodies were on biers and the people with them sought shelter in the houses on the way. At Mrs. Haraden's death, Mrs. Norwood came into possession of the property. The house and land are now owned by Mr. Rice and there was, besides, the land known as Norwood Heights and other property.

Both Mr. Norwood and wife were active members of the church and interested in everything that related to the village.

One son, Mr. Frederic Norwood, married Miss Carrie Brown, granddaughter of Captain

Stephen Brown of Riverdale. They have two daughters who are married and live out of town.

Mr. Norwood died in November, 1921.

Pierce Family.

Mr. John Pierce came here in 1838 or '9 and bought what was called the "Nut Place". Part of it was swamp and the part near Walnut Street was covered with bushes and climbing vines. He built the house now owned and occupied by Mrs. Dyer.

He was the predecessor of Thaxter & Brothers on Washington Street, Boston. He had a pleasure boat built, called the "Dove", which was not noted for its speed but was wide and comfortable. Many picnic and berry parties were taken in her to various places on the islands in Annisquam River.

Mr. Pierce was a genial and benevolent man and took a warm interest in his neighbors' welfare and pleasure. He was fond of being on the water and in summer spent much of his time on the water sailing or fishing. On one occasion he invited a party to go berrying at Pearce's Island. They were on hand at the appointed time but the tide was out and the boat high and dry. "When I had my boat", he said, "I thought it would be at my service like a horse and carriage at any hour I pleased. It never occurred to me that 'I would have to wait for the tide.'" Of that party all have sailed "to a land that is fairer than day." Mr. Pierce died in October, 1846. Mrs. Pierce died in the spring of 1860. "He liveth best in deeds, if not in story, who seeks the good of all." Mrs. Pierce was a daughter of David and Annie Warner Chard, Harriet by name.

Mr. Pierce's daughter by his first wife married Alfred A. Andrews of Boston.

Their daughter married Mr. Frank Bufford, lithographer, of Boston. Their daughter married George Davis of Cambridge and they have been summer residents at Cambridge Avenue for several seasons.

Genevieve, a daughter by his second wife, married Mr. Shupe of Mansfield, Ohio. They lived most of the time in New York and afterward in Cleveland, Ohio. Both passed away there several years ago leaving a family of children who married and settled there.

John, a son by his second wife, married Miss Jane Jones of Bay View and lived for several years in his fathers' house. He sold it to Dr. Dyer in 1872 and moved to New York.

Both Mr. Pierce and his wife were very much missed in the village. They were ever ready to take prominent part in all plays and entertainments of a social nature.

Mr. Pierce died in 1885 and is buried at Mr. Adnah. Mrs. Pierce was on the staff of the New York Tribune for a number of years. The Sunshine Departments was in her charge. An invalid living in New York.

Parsons Family.

Jeffrey Parsons, born in 1631, left England when quite young. In April, 1658, he bought land in Fisherman's Field and also of George Ingersoll. He fixed his residence there and descendants still live around the spot.

Tradition says, while walking one hot summer day and overcome with fatigue and thirst, he stopped at Vincent Spring for rest and refreshment. Vincent's house was near by and his beautiful daughter offered Jeffrey a drinking cup. Her charms and attention made a deep impression on the heart of Jeffrey and she was likewise impressed. Their wedding soon followed on November 11, 1657.

He was selectman for several years and died August 16, 1689. She died January 12, 1708. She was the mother of ten children.

Their son Nathaniel who married Abigail Haskell, owned several vessels, ships and wharves. He died December 27, 1697. His wife died of smallpox, May 21, 1722.

His descendant in this village was Nathaniel Parsons who lived in what is now the Hyatt house. His son William was the father of Frank and Fred Parsons, now living on Washington Street in this village.

Peabody Family.

Oliver Peabody and wife, Elizabeth Harper, came to Annisquam in the early thirties of the last century. Their daughter Caroline married John Saville, son of Thomas. Eliza married Captain Gideon Lane as second wife. Mary married Tristram Griffin. Clarissa married Gustavus Lane. Oliver married Sarah Stimpson of Bucksport, Maine.

At one time the heirs of Oliver Peabody owned the house on River Road, now occupied by Mr. Geary, the land where the parsonage is situated and the Great "Squam Rock pasture. Elizabeth, daughter of Oliver, married Mr. Albion H. Bicknell, the artist, of Malden. Edith married Henry Jones.

Pulcifer Family.

A John Pulcifer married Joanna Kent in 1684. His son Thomas married Sarah Grover in 1726 and Hannah Woodman in 1730. The latter died in September, 1778, at an advanced age and Mr. Pulcifer died on the succeeding day, aged 85. They were buried the same day.

One of his sons, Nathaniel, was a soldier in the French War and narrowly escaped being killed at the surrender of Fort William Henry. He died at an advanced age leaving a son Nathaniel. Mr. Thomas Pulcifer, probably a descendant of this family, built and lived in the house on Leonard Street opposite the schoolhouse. It was built in the early 30s of the last century. — 1829

He married Sophronia Fellows of Hopkinton, N. H. He was a blacksmith by trade, his shop standing in the yard and adjoining the house.

At the time of ship building he did the blacksmithing work for the ships. Both himself and wife were prominent and active in the affairs of the church and village and were hospitable and kind neighbors and friends. Their only son died in Lowell of consumption in June, 1857, aged 27. A very promising young man, beloved by all his friends and a very great loss in his home. Mr. Pulcifer died in October, 1872. His wife died in 1902 aged 95.

Their daughter, Sophronia, married first, Charles A. Lane in March, 1856. Her second husband was Captain George E. Lane, a cousin of Charles, in 1875.

Mrs. Lane died in January, 1922, aged 90.

Mrs. Sarah Pulcifer and son Louis, living in her father's house, represent the family.

Riggs Family.

Thomas Riggs was a prominent settler in this part of the city. His house, the oldest, I think, in the city, still stands on Riggs Point in Mill River. His descendant, Samuel, owned a large tract of land. His house is standing near the street railway tracks near the willows. He had orchards of apple and pear trees. I remember his summer jilly-flowers, now out of date. He kept a flock of geese and one of them, it is said, lived 70 years. He was the last man in the city to wear his hair in a queue. He had several sons. His daughter, Ann, married Benjamin Davis, son of Oliver Davis, Betsey Low married Finson Wheeler, Lita, daughter of the last named, married Sidney Harvey, son of Warren Harvey.

Robinson Family.

An old settler, Abraham Robinson, married Mary, daughter of Edward Haraden. She died September 28, 1725, aged 76, leaving nine daughters and three sons. One of his descendants was a member of the church and was blind. He used to come to church with his daughter Esther who married Ignatius Butler, the sexton of the church. A daughter married Mr. John Daggett and lived near the church.

A son, William married first, Jenny Griffin, a daughter of Eliphalet Griffin. His second wife was the Widow Ober. There were no children.

Daniel, a prominent member in the society, had a son Daniel who married Charlotte Phipps and had several sons and a daughter Charlotte. The daughter married George Dennison and lived in Dorchester. A daughter married Mr. Gallagher and lives in the old homestead at Bay View. Allan and Otis also live in Bay View.

Mr. Robinson was a prominent member of the church and served on year in the legislature. Other descendants of Abraham are James Robinson, Howard Robinson, Mrs. Ellen Butler and Daniel Robinson, all living on Leonard Street in this village.

Saville Family.

Thomas Saville came from Malden and married, in 1722, Mary, a descendant of Edward Haraden, and built a house on a tract of land leading off Revere Street. He was a cooper by trade.

A son, Jesse, married Martha Babson, October 6, 1763, and lived on his father's place. He carried on a tan pit. He was an officer of the customs in 1770 which made him unpopular and caused personal danger.

It was at his house in 1765 that a mob of 70, headed by leading citizens, searched the house for Samuel Fellows, an officer of customs, who was disliked by the people. Fellows escaped and the mob vented their anger on Mr. Saville and the family. He was thrown down and a servant was threatened by Dr. Rogers, with forceps in hand, with the loss of all his teeth unless he would tell where Mr. Fellows was. One or two of the actors engaged in the affair were fined and one was confined in jail several months for non-payment of the 5 pound fine.

Mr. Saville unwisely defied public sentiment and on a night in March, 1770, He was seized in his bed by a party disguised as negroes and Indians and dragged in an unhuman manner four miles to Gloucester and was subjected to various indignities until his tormentors choose to let him return home. This outrage roused a good deal of feeling in the town and the attention of the governor was called ot it.

A mulatto servant of Dr. Plummer's,

named George, was tried and convicted in November for aiding in the assault and in March, by way of punishment, was placed on the gallows at Salem with a halter around his neck and kept there an hour. He was then whipped but would never give any names of those acting with him. Mr. Saville died March 11, 1823.

His son John went to sea at age of 14, was taken by a British frigate and carried to England. He never returned. Another son, Oliver, died at sea with the small pox. David was lost at sea with the whole company of the ship "Winthrop and Mary".

Thomas married Betsey Haraden and lived many years in the old tavern at the corner of River Road and Leonard Street. He was a prominent citizen and tithing man at the church.

A daughter, Hepsibah, married Caleb Lane. They were both members of the church. They lived on Revere Street and the house is now standing.

John, son of Thomas, was a merchant in Boston. He and his two children died with throat distemper in 1833. The youngest child was buried lying on its father's arm. His widow moved to Annisquam and built the house now owned by Mrs. Frank Brown. She was the first one in Annisquam to entertain summer boarders. The first boarders were John Gilbert, the actor, and wife, Mrs. Pelby, of the wax men and women of the old Boston Museum, Mrs. Anderson and Julia Pelby.

Mrs. Saville afterward moved to Chelsea and died in Needham in 1880.

William, son of John, kept a fancy goods store on Washington Street, near Milk Street, in Boston, for a number of years.

Elizabeth, married Ezra Leonard, son of Parson Leonard, and lived in Needham. Mr. Leonard was in the navy for a number of years.

Ira, son of Thomas, married Miss Mary Bates. They lived in St. Thomas and in Annisquam for a number of years. He moved to Lexington and died there in 1866, leaving two daughters.

Mary married John Spaulding and died in 1905, leaving one son.

Ellen married Captain Ralph Lane and lived in Lexington. Captain Lane died at Port au Prince in 1869 leaving one son, Ralph Edgar, who married the daughter of Rev. Dr. Perkin of the Shawmut Avenue Universalist church, Boston. They have one daughter, Rachel. and one son Irving S.

David, son of Thomas, married Ann, daughter of Parson Leonard, lived in Lexington and died in California. His son Leonard was Postmaster in Lexington for a number of years and was a popular and prominent citizen. He died in 1913.

Ann, daughter of David, married David Muzzey of Lexington. Their heirs own the Muzzey cottage on Walnut Street.

Laura, daughter of Thomas, married Gustavus Griffin and lived and died in the house opposite Harvey's stable. A bright, intelligent woman who brought up a large family of children. She was an active member of the Sewing Circle.

Laura, daughter of Laura Saville and Gustavus Griffin, married William Chard, son of William of the Annisquam Post Office. He passed away in 1887 or 1888 leaving a son and two daughters. Mrs. Chard is a staunch member of the Universalist church of Chelsea, Mass., is literary in her tastes, has written papers for family gatherings and other society affairs.

Martha, daughter of Thomas, married Isaiah Jewett of Byfield. She lived in the old tavern a number of years taking care of her father and mother. Mr. Jewett was a shoemaker and manufacturer of Black Ball. He died in 1865, Mrs. Jewett in 1872. Mrs. Jewett was an active, industrious woman, interested in all church affairs, a kind helper in sickness and was held by friends and neighbors in high regard. Her daughter married William Renton of Groveland. She was a favorite teacher in the Leonard school for a number of years. She passed to the higher life in 1912 leaving a daughter who married William Dewhurst of Groveland and died in February, 1916, leaving two sons and two daughters.

James, son of Martha and Isiah, married Ellen, daughter of Moses and Martha (Jacobs) Clough in October, 1861. He built the house on the corner of River Road and Bridgewater Street and carried on the boot and shoe business in the old tavern. He was in the leg-

islature in 1862 and 1863, was an active member of the church, superintendent of the Sunday School and clerk of the parish a number of years. He was a prominent and respected citizen. He died in 1908. Mrs. Jewett died in October, 1915, leaving one son, Fred Jewett, a merchant of Gloucester and one daughter, Annie, who married Mr. Samuel Allen of Allston, Mass.

Alice, daughter of Martha and Isaiah Jewett, married William G. Davis and they are living in the old home of Elder Epes Davis on Arlington Street. Mr. Davis was a ship carpenter, working many years with his father. Both himself and his wife are staunch friends and the kindest of neighbors. Their son, William, married and lives in Interlaken. A daughter, Alice, married Harry Sears and lives in Pittsfield, Mass.

William, son of Martha and Isaiah Jewett, married Phoebe, daughter of William and Elizabeth Sargent. He is a shoemarker and worked with his brother James for a great many years. Mrs. Jewett died in October, 1914, leaving five daughters and two sons. Their daughter, Martha, passed away in August, 1915. Two daughters, Annie and Helen, are living on Leonard Street with their father.

James, son of Jesse, married Rhoda Griffin and lived in Boston. He died young leaving a widow and son and daughter who have all passed to the great beyond many years ago.

William, son of Jesse, had two or three wives and a large family of children. He lived in Gloucester where he taught

school and was town clerk for more than twenty years.

He was a great rhymester and wrote the prologue for the first theater in Gloucester. He often wrote obituaries. An old chum of his once asked him what obituary he would write for him. He replied at once,

"Here lies the body of Billy Haskell,
A rogue, a thief, a knave, a rascal.
He always lied, now here he lies,
He had no soul and cannot rise."

The children and grand-children of Jesse often meet at the old homestead on the 6th of October, that day being the anniversary of the marraige of Jesse and Martha Babson. On October 6th, 1863, that being the 100th anniversary, a large company of children, and grand-children and relatives gathered three from various homes to celebrate the event.

A great, great, great grandson was christened on the old door-step by Rev. James Fuller.

Poem written and read at the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the wedding of Jesse Saville and Martha Babson at the old home, October 6, 1863 by Elizabeth C. Leonard of Needham, a granddaughter.

Welcome, dear friends, to this fair spot
Where once our grandsires humble cot
Gave hospitable quarters,
For midst these scenes and in this place
Long dwelt the fathers of our race
They, and their sons and daughters.

'Twas here they built long years ago,
From where they came we do not know,
Here first our record found them.
'Twas here their blooming brides were brought
And here their daily tasks were wrought
And here death's summons found them.

And just one hundred years ago
Grandfather Jesse, as you know,
Took to himself a wife.
In seventeen hundred and sixty-three,
October sixth, as you may see,
Commenced their married life.

And if their shades, as some would say,
Are hovering 'round this spot today,
Leaving their heavenly stations,
'Twill cause them some surprise to think,
To see that from that Marriage link,
Have come six score relations.

Nor need they, if the truth be told,
(To speak the truth one needs be bold)
Feel much ashamed to own us.
For in the name we all take pride
To keep it pure whate'er betide
And where'er fate has thrown us.

And when to meet on yonder shore
These friends and kindred gone before
Our earthly ties we sever,
May He whose wisdom placed us here
Receive us there as children dear
To live with Him forever.

Sargent Family.

William Sargent was a member of the parish in 1649. His son Samuel had land at Hodgkins Cove and was the first permanent settler there. He married Ruth Newman May 24, 1689. He left six sons and four daughters.

In 1821 a descendant of Samuel was living in the house on Leonard Street now owned by Mr. Dennis. His son Christopher built the house next door, now owned by the Bent heirs. He played the double bass viol in the choier of the church for a number of years. He was a carpenter. He moved to Chelsea, Mass., in 1842 or 1843 and was one of the founders of the Universalist church there.

His brother Oliver married Sophia Day, daughter of the lighthouse keeper. He died in 1866. His family moved to Chelsea. The widow of his son Oliver has a summer home at Diamond Cove.

A brother William married for a second wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Dennis Sargent, widow of his brother Fitz. Their daughter, Phoebe, married William Jewett. Her two daughters, Misses Annie and Helen Jewett, are the only representatives of the family living in the village.

Mr. John Sargent, a descendant of William 1st, lived near the church on the opposite side of the street. His grandson, Ambrose, lives with his son, Edward Sargent, the grocer, who died in 1917.

Story Family.

Mr. David Story of Pigeon Cove married Adaline, daughter of Mr. David Lane who built and lived in the house on Washington Street now owned by the heirs of Miner Dennison. Mr. Story built and lived in the house on Chester Square now owned by Miss Goodwin. Mrs. Story died in the early '40s of the last century, leaving four daughters and one son. Adeline married Jonathan Dennison. Both passed away several years ago. Their son, William Augustus, married and lives in Reading. A daughter, Bertha, married Fred Davis, son of Elias, and had one son. Mr. Davis and son died many years ago. Mrs. Davis married second, Mr. Burt Emerson, as his second wife. They are now living in Chelmsford. They were active members of the Universalist church and were greatly missed in the village. A daughter, Susan, married Reuben Clark of Gloucester and had one daughter who married Rev. Ashley Smith, a former pastor here and now of Bangor, Maine. Adeline married George Harvey and lives in Lanesville. She is an active member of the parish. One son, Dana, married Carrie, daughter of Joseph Geary and they have one daughter, Margaret.

Augusta and Mary, daughters of David Story, married and lived in Topsfield. Orville, the son, married and lived in Somerville. Elinor married a Mr. Brown and lived in Newburyport. Their daughter, Jennie, married and lived in California.

Mr. Story married second, Miss Betsey Parsons of Gloucester in 1843. They had one daughter, Georgia, All have passed to a fairer home.

Wheeler Family.

Abigail, a sister of Joseph Harvey, before her marriage lived near the church. At the time of Mr. Leonard's change of faith, being a young lady, she became a convert to the new doctrine and throughout her long life was an earnest and devoted member of the church. She married Finson Wheeler of Wheeler's Point and continued her attendance at church, coming from her home in a dory, and brought up a large family in that faith. She was a fine representative of the women of that generation. Her son Harvey married Miss Lucy Witham of Pigeon Cove, and their daughter, Mrs. Mabel Wheeler of Wheeler's Point is her only descendant who attends this church.

James Wheeler, a brother of Finson, married a Miss Harvey and lived in the house where Mrs. Elizabeth Ricker now lives. His son, James, married Esther Dade, widow of Decatur Griffin. He built the house now owned by Miss Alice Coddington. He had four sons and two daughters. Jennie is unmarried and Ella married Robert Kerr and lives on Walnut Street. Mrs. Wheeler died in April, 1916.

Charles, son of James 2nd, married Emma Allen and lived in Lanesville. Now living with a son, Fred, in Somerville.

Daniel married Ella Prescott of Bay View. Both passed on to the higher life several years ago. A son, Olin, lives in Somerville.

Mary Elizabeth was drowned at the age of 17 years.

Josephine married Alfred, son of Thomas Pool, and passed away several years ago, leaving a daughter.

A son, George, married and lives in Haverhill.

Mary, daughter of James 1st, married Epes Davis 3rd, and lives in East Gloucester. She had six children and is now living with a daughter and is ninety years of age. Mr. Davis died several years ago.

Polly Wheeler, sister of James 1st, remained single and died at the home of her nephew, James 2nd, on River Road. Mr. Wheeler's father also died at his home. Both Mr. Wheeler and wife were kind and generous and always ready to do their part in everything that related to the church or village. Mrs. Wheeler died in 1913; Mr. Wheeler in 1915.

James Wheeler 1st married for a second wife, Hannah Witham, and had a daughter, Martha, who married Alexander Sargent of Bay View. Her daughter, Emma J., married Brown Stevens and lives in Lynn. A son, William, died in 1900 and a daughter, Nellie, died in 1885. A son, Alexander, married Mary Wheaton and died in May, 1916, leaving a son, Lovell and a daughter, Carrie, a teacher at the Bradstreet school. A daughter, Maude, married John Dunn and died in 1906. Mrs. Sargent died in 1914 and Mr. Sargent in 1882.

Emily, daughter of James 1st, married Oliver Griffin and died young, leaving one daughter.

Hannah married Nathaniel Lane of Folly Cove and lived but a few years after her marriage.

Harrison married Carrie Norwood of Rockport. Both died several years ago. One daughter, Alice, married William Lufkin and lives in Gloucester. Two daughters, Nellie and Grace, passed away several years ago.

Whitridge Family.

William Whitridge, a grandson of William 1st, married Mary, daughter of Thomas Saville, in 1775. His daughter Sally married Captain George N. Davis as first wife.

Their daughter Mary married Samuel Sargent. Oliver, a son, married a Haraden and lived in Union Court in the house now occupied by Dr. Trull as a summer residence. His orchard was where Mrs. Webber's house stands. The boys, when school was out, made love to his summer sweetings and he would loudly call after them although to infirm to run after them. He was called "Commodore", why, I never learned. One daughter who married an Ingersoll, raised a large family of children none of whom are now living.

William, his brother, lived in Union Court in the house now owned by Herman Stanwood. He was a prominent member of the Universalist church in the time of Parson Leonard who boarded with him before he was married. His daughter, Rachel, second wife of George N. Davis, died a number of years ago.

Witham Family.

Mr. Samuel Witham of Pigeon Cove married first, Miss Betsey Story of Pigeon Cove, sister of David Story. He built and lived in the house now owned by Mr. O'Reilly of Gloucester. The house is on Chester Square and is known as the Grant house. Mrs. Witham died several years before her husband, leaving several children. Amos, Samuel and James died young. Addison married and lived in Gloucester. Eliza married Captain Hale and lived in Newburyport. Adelia married Mr. James Shute of Gloucester. Both have passed away, leaving a daughter and a son, Kilby, who lives in Gloucester. A son, Frank, married Miss Annie Burnham of Gloucester and is now proprietor of Wonasquam Lodge.

The three sisters of Davis Story, Mrs. Witham, Mrs. Jonathan Lane and Mrs. Frederic Lane, all lived on Chester Square, the families all being prominent members of the Annisquam church.